

BOOK NO.

923.2 C693

ACCESSION

317263



SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1223 00617 4586

OUR AMERICAN KINGS

BY

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

AUTHOR OF

"THIS KING BUSINESS"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



THE CENTURY CO.
New York & London

Copyright, 1924, by
THE CENTURY Co.

Copyright, 1924, by
The Crowell Publishing Co.

Copyright, 1924, by
P. F. Collier & Son

923.2

C693

317263

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

3 1223 00617 4586

CALLING ON GOVERNORS

I have seen America.

Twenty thousand miles of her: down the Atlantic from Maine to Florida, along the Gulf to Louisiana and Texas, in and out of Mexico to California, up the Pacific to Oregon and Washington, through the Northwest from Puget Sound to the Great Lakes, crisscross, North and South, East and West, through forty of the forty-eight States.

And I have met Americans.

All kinds of them: barbers, professors, farmers, newspaper proprietors, bootleggers, chauffeurs, doctors, nurses, editors, merchants, movie actresses, newsdealers, lawyers, evangelists—and fourteen governors.

Through the latter, I have tried to express the former: to paint into these portraits of typical Americans my impressions of the America they typify; to suggest to you and me what you and I are like.

F. L. C.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
CALLING ON GOVERNORS	V
I THE "WET" SMITHS	3
II THE "DRY" PINCHOTS	25
III PERCY BAXTER, BACHELOR	46
IV VIC DONAHEY, PATRIARCH	65
V JAKE AND MRS. JAKE—AND JACK	80
VI THE BLAINES OF BOSCOBEL	98
VII EPHRAIM MORGAN, A MODEST MAN	114
VIII NESTOS FROM NORWAY	133
IX WORKING HARD WITH RITCHIE	149
X PAT AND HIS HAT	162
XI FRIEND RICHARDSON OF CALIFORNIA	179
XII BROTHER HART OF WASHINGTON	193
XIII THE BIG MAN IN THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE	210
XIV A. J., A LONELY SOUL	228
XV CROSS-COUNTRY: SOME CONCLUSIONS	246

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York and family	8
Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania and his family	32
Governor Percival P. Baxter	56
Governor A. Victor Donahey of Ohio and his wife	72
Governor J. A. O. Preus of Minnesota	88
Governor and Mrs. Blaine of Wisconsin	104
Governor E. F. Morgan of West Virginia and family	120
Governor Ragnvald A. Nestos of North Dakota . . .	136
Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland and his mother	152
Governor Pat M. Neff	163
Governor and Mrs. Richardson of California and their son John	184
Governor Louis F. Hart of Washington	200
Governor and Mrs. Silzer of New Jersey	216
Governor Alex J. Groesbeck of Michigan	232

OUR AMERICAN KINGS

OUR AMERICAN KINGS

I

THE "WET" SMITHS

"LIGHTS!" shouted Al Smith.

The great hall of the Executive Mansion at Albany sank into sudden blackness.

"Gallery, are you set?"

"All set, sir!" cried the Smith children from their perch on the crowded stairs.

"Are you down?" This from the governor to Mrs. Smith and the group of brave men and fair women who lolled expectantly in the deep-seated, all-over chairs.

"Down!" answered the guests, and the servants in the rear of the hall.

"Shoot!"

The governor settled himself noisily into his favorite springs. The carbon in the picture machine sputtered and burned. An eager and excited murmur greeted the familiar rectangle as it hit the

waiting screen. And applause, thunderous, expectant, rose to meet the first offering of the night.

It was n't "The Covered Wagon" or "Robin Hood" or "The White Sister." It was n't Pickford or Swanson or Valentino—no, nor Chaplin nor Harold Lloyd. For the governor does n't care for the highbrow on the screen. He likes his fun to be funny, with pie in the face and pins in the pants.

So, the first offering—but here's the complete program given me by the governor as a souvenir of a night at home with the Smiths:

PROGRAM

1. "The Village Chestnut." Comedy.
2. "That's Nature for You." Travelogue.
3. "The Knock-out." Comedy. By Hal Roach.
4. "Breaking into Jail." Comedy. (Hall-room Boys.)
5. "Lightning Love." Comedy. (Larry Semon.)

"Who's in this one?" called the governor, as "The Village Chestnut" started on its well-trod way.

"Aw. Nobody much," answered a small Smith from the stairs—young Walter, I think it was, aged fourteen.

"I thought we had Larry Semon," shouted the governor over his shoulder, his eyes glued to a point where the mustachioed school-teacher was

chastising the white-stockinged lady pupil. "He's my favorite—Semon and Al St. John."

"And Hal Roach's rascals," prompted an adolescent voice from the gallery.

"Sure! Anything so long as it's a comedy. We have movies four or five times a week—every night I'm home—and I don't want anything I can't laugh at. But this fellow Semon! He came to see me in New York and did some of his stuff for me. Say, he was funny! And I was surprised to see what a fine-looking fellow he was off the screen. I think he said he used to be a waiter."

"Not a waiter, Al," said Mrs. Smith; "a writer!"

"Well," he roared, "I knew it was something like that!"

The governor thought this was a great joke on me—almost as good as one of Larry's own. Something tells me that if he'd been near enough, he'd have poked me in the ribs!

The Smithsonian sense of humor may be slap, but it is n't sticky. The governor's brain works as fast as Ben Turpin's eye, and in as many directions. When we came to the travelogue, Al Smith's comments were funnier than Al St. John's antics ever thought of being. It was one of those hopelessly affected things with a lot of green and blue moonlight and baby-ribbon titles and not a

gut in its entire organism. I remember one title ran something like this:

Why stay at home of a Sunday morning and read a newspaper when one could be in a paradise like this?

Then came a scene in the Canadian Rockies or the French Alps or the South American Andes. Did the governor let that get by? I should say not.

"Will you tell me," he began, in his best New York City drawl, "how a feller, if he happens to live on Oliver Street, New York"—Al's home street—"is going to get to a place like that *of a Sunday morning?*"

Then came the caption:

How much better to get out the automobile and speed through scenes like these than to mope at home on the old front porch.

"That," said the governor, "makes no mention of the countless thousands who have neither automobiles nor porches."

This time nobody laughed. Every one, even the children, and the servants, who worship the ground Al walks on, realized that the rough-hewn man in the great low chair had swept aside with a simple mental gesture a thousand feet of unadulterated bunk.

It is n't that Al Smith—a city boy, born on New York's East Side, where the sun seldom shines and the grass never grows—is lacking in appreciation of country life. In his back yard at Albany he has almost every beast and bird and fish that will live through a Hudson River winter. "A nice little farm in the country with lots of animals," he said to me a little later, "beats the city." But this film was insincere. And Al Smith has a nose for insincerity; he smells it afar; he goes to it; and he cuts through it with the logical simplicity of a well-aimed stiletto. Then, he smiles—and even the bunkers love him for unbunking them!

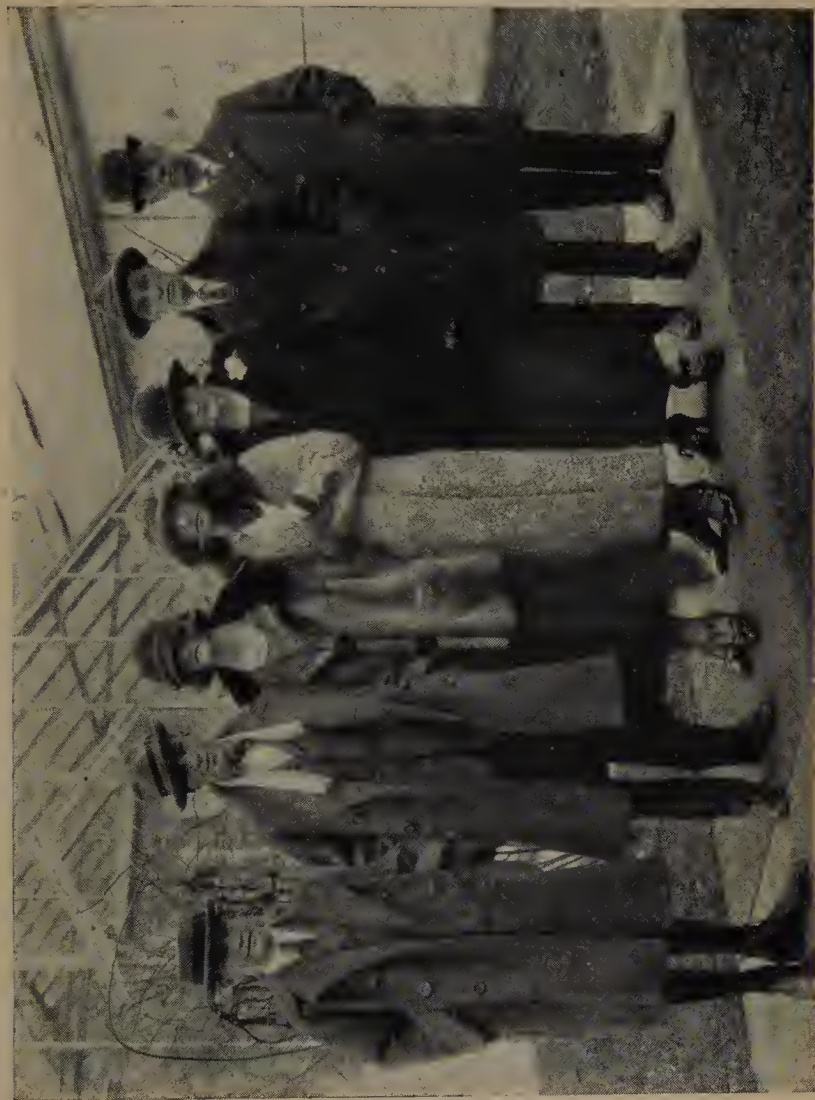
I had seen the thing work that morning on what many would consider a more important occasion: a hearing in the executive chamber at the capital, a large, well-proportioned room, the walls of which shriek with homely ex-governors preserved in oil. The general effect is red; red paneling, red rugs, red tables and chairs, red desk about the size and shape of a six-ton truck, and behind the great desk a red-faced governor—who looks as Georgie Cohan will look when he gets to be a hundred—a young man wise with the wisdom of the ages.

He has a queer head—just ordinarily New Yorkese where the chewing and talking is done, but Boston-bulgy where the brains are parked.

His neck is small for his head, so that the first effect, silhouetted against the Albany sunlight, is that of an inverted Bartlett pear. Square-set below his broad, high forehead are a pair of heavy-lidded, sleepy eyes that look as if he had just been rubbing them to get rid of a cinder. And his mouth—well, it's just meant for smiling.

The governor, it seems was on the trail of the fake doctors, and had before him a bill requiring all physicians to register with the State—as nurses and dentists do—and to pay a nominal registration fee of two dollars a year. To the layman, this would seem to be a proposition that should command the eager approval of every reputable physician. But the protestants, who filled the great red room, were not the fakers, who would be hit by such a law, but the respectable doctors who would be helped by it! Metropolitan physicians of supposedly high rank, officers of medical associations, paid lawyers of these bodies.

These gentlemen seemed to think that the governor was invading the mysterious sanctity of the medical profession. In oily speeches, which started out as if they were with the governor to the last cuticle of their well-manicured hands, they not only refused to help in any practical way—such as signing their names or



Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York and family

paying two dollars—but more or less bluntly told the governor to mind his own business. Why did n't he get after the chiropractors? *There* was a field for him. But doctors, even fake ones—well, the medical profession could look after its own sick. Why should a busy doctor stop to write his name and address once a year? He might forget. And it was n't necessary. Everybody knew that the good doctors were good doctors anyway. And if this was a public health measure, why should n't the public pay for it? The poor doctor did n't have any two dollars to waste on the public health!

"Of course," each one would conclude, "so far as I personally am concerned, I would not mind paying any reasonable sum, but your Excellency will understand it's a matter of principle. . . ."

Al Smith listened to this sort of thing for an hour and three quarters; he had been at it for an hour before I came in; the clock said a quarter of two. And when the last of the speakers had successfully stifled his personal desire to pay two dollars for the sake of his sacred principle, the governor drew his chair nearer to the big desk and leaned heavily across it.

"Now, see here!" he began, "are n't we looking at this thing from the wrong end of the alley?"

We 'll leave out the matter of the two dollars. If the nurse and the dentist and the automobilist"—here the smile got in its work—"can afford to pay a registration fee, I guess the doctors can. If two dollars is too much we 'll make it a dollar, fifty cents, whatever is right. We sha'n't quarrel over that."

"But, governor," interrupted one of the patriots, "the man who runs a motor-car wears out the roads. That 's why he pays a fee."

The gubernatorial eyes were no longer sleepy. They were electric—going on and off like incandescent lights.

"I used to be in the trucking business," he flashed at the man who had heckled him, "and we had a lot of trucks. Now, the State does n't put up any money for roads in New York City. And our trucks never went out of it. But we paid two thousand dollars a year to the State in fees. Why? For the same reason you are asked to pay a fee—for the protection of the public. For the same reason I pay a fee to run my car. I 'm careful; I don't need a license any more than you do. But that fellow down in New York City who killed my friend Tom Smith was driving without any license at all. It 's to catch fellows like that—auto fakers you might call 'em—and to prevent more of such

crimes from happening that I pay my fee, and am mighty glad to do it!"

There were no further interruptions.

"And as for its not being necessary for you to register because everybody knows you 're all right anyway, you might just as well say you should n't register to vote. Look at me. I've lived down on Oliver Street all my life. Everybody knows me. I walk into the registry place, and the man at the book shouts out:

" 'Turn to the letter S! Alfred E. Smith—23 Oliver Street—forty-nine years old—white—'

"And so on and so on. I don't have to do a thing but sign my name. And yet I have to go all the way down there from Albany to register. Why? Because people don't know me? Because I want to protect myself? No! Because I have to do it to protect the public. If I did n't, some son of a gun—probably a Republican!—would go in there and vote in my place!"

There was a hurried consultation on the Opposition Bench. Finally, the head of the state medical society arose a bit sheepishly. He was a bland, blond man—and I think he was blushing.

"Your Excellency," he said, "I guess the doctors won't be pikers. They 'll pay the two dollars."

A dozen sleek bald heads nodded in confirmation.

The State-house regulars smiled. Al had done it again. He had caught some worthy citizens bunking—and he'd unbunked them!

I waited for the smile. It came like sunshine. It warmed everybody in the room. And although it was now twenty minutes after two, I almost felt as if I had had lunch. The governor had come around the end of the operating-table, and was sitting on its beveled mahogany edge with his feet down, saying as Cohan might have said it:

"I thank you, and thank your families and thank your organizations and thank everybody else for letting you come up here to help us. We need it!"

And the men who had so lately been the victims of his knife-like logic were now crowding around him, shaking him solidly by the hand and telling each other—what I suspect is very near the truth—that there never was a governor like "Our Al."

I think I said that Al, up to his final outburst, did n't say a word. He did speak, once. Some one was telling how a poor fellow had suffered through the maltreatment of an incompetent and unlegalized practitioner. The speaker had finished his story and was going on to the next point when the governor leaned forward.

"What happened to that chap," he said; "did he go insane?"

That 's Al Smith, all over!

The governor may take a drink once in a while. I believe he admits that he does—or did. And he is on record as favoring legislation that will allow those who care to do so to drink beer and light wines without violating the law of the land. But one thing I'll say for him: he does n't eat! At least, he does n't when the business of the State of New York is to be done. It was three o'clock when he and I retired to his private office. He had been at it since nine o'clock. I had been there four hours myself. And there was n't one word about lunch, nor, on his part, a thought of it. His office people tell me he often works right through—and they work with him.

"It 's all right for the governor," wailed one emaciated little man; "he 's a good feeder in the morning. But I don't seem to relish my breakfast!"

He sighed a great empty sigh. Poor fellow! I expect by now he 's died of starvation.

In the governor's private office, I remarked on the law-books which lined the walls.

"They have n't always been there," answered the

governor; "they were put there by Governor Hughes."

"Surely, *you* don't need to use them? Did n't Elihu Root say, after sitting next to you at the constitutional convention, that you knew more New York State law than any lawyer ever thought of knowing?"

"He did n't say just that," laughed the governor, "because he did n't sit next to me. He presided. But I know how that story started. I sat right behind Wickersham, the Republican floor leader, and when the big fight came on the Barnes resolution that 'the legislature should not grant any privilege or immunity to one group of citizens not equally granted to all members of the State,' I pointed out that this pretty-sounding phrase would bar such things as widows' pensions, working-men's compensation acts, and about a hundred other laws which all decent people wanted. So, when the final allotment of time for argument was made, and Mr. Wickersham, as the Republican leader, drew half an hour, and I, as Al Smith, drew ten minutes, Wickersham was good enough to grant me twenty minutes of his time, so that I had the half-hour and he had the ten minutes. That's all there was to that."

I remembered now that that was all there was

to it; except that Al Smith's presentation of the various acts of beneficent legislation passed since the beginning of New York time, which would be nullified and repealed by this cleverly worded resolution, showed a knowledge so profound and a grasp so masterly that even his political foes have since regarded this unlettered East Side boy as the foremost authority on the State which he now governs.

"What are you going to do now?" asked his Excellency, as I rose to go.

"Eat," I said.

"Go over and have tea with Mrs. Smith," laughed the governor; "she'll give you something to eat. I'd like to go with you and show you my menagerie, but how can I?" He threw a glance of comic despair at his piled-up desk. "I've got a day's work ahead of me here."

Mrs. Smith was out; but tea was n't; or the menagerie either. I managed to do justice to both of them. I must say, however, that the plain, ordinary chicken in those ten sandwiches looked a lot better to me than the most gorgeous Lady Amherst pheasant in the governor's famous collection. And it occurred to me that not many New York households—on Fifth Avenue or Oliver Street!—would be sufficiently well run to afford

such delightful hospitality in the absence of the woman of the house. Verily, by their servants ye shall know them! And by their children! While I was still eating, Walter, the youngest, came home from school. As he threw open the door, he called:

“Where’s mother?”

Five minutes later, Arthur, aged sixteen, plunged through the same door, and shouted the same thing. I had not yet seen Mrs. Smith; but I had had irrefutable evidence of her place in the Smith home.

A few moments later “mother” arrived and was uproariously received. She is a surprisingly young-looking woman—slenderer and far better-looking than her newspaper pictures—a big-souled sort of person, poised, dignified, simple. And when she said she “was usually home,” I believed her.

The menagerie is in the back yard. The first thing I saw in it was a great white turkey. “That turkey has a history,” Mrs. Smith explained; “some one sent it to us for Thanksgiving, but it looked so pretty and the children got so fond of it that we could n’t bear to eat it.” And she told me that there had been, until recently, a pet deer; but a little girl up in the northern part of the State wrote the governor and said she was sure the deer

belonged to her, because she had lost hers just before the governor got his; and when she backed up her claim with a picture of herself and *her* deer, the governor asked no further questions but straightway sent her *his*!

I liked Ike and Mike the best. They were the sheep. I think it was Mike—but with twins, you can never be sure!—who chased me behind the hothouse. Anyhow, it was Mike who placed himself on the front stoop the day Mrs. Smith was entertaining the New York clubwomen, and butted each guest as she stepped from her limousine. When the governor looked out and saw what was going on, he did n't seem worried about the club-woman vote. All he said was:

"Who put Mike on the Reception Committee?"

There are several interesting pairs in the Smiths' ark: the Shetlands, June and Juliet; the police-dogs, Captain and Major; and the monkeys, Zander and Patsy; and some rabbits and turtles and gold-fishes, to whom I was introduced, but whose names I don't remember. Then, there was Cæsar, the Great Dane the Ringlings sent them, who was unhappily sick; and Joey, the raccoon, who got loose just before dinner was served, and threatened to postpone indefinitely the gubernatorial hospitality; and Heliotrope, the goat, who—or which—played

with Tommy Meighan in "Homeward Bound."

"The night we played that picture," said Mrs. Smith, "was a big night for the kids. You remember, Heliotrope is down in the hold of the boat; and after a while they get the heroine on that boat, and don't know where to hide her. One of the characters asks: 'What shall we do with her?' And my young Arthur shouted back: 'Put her in with the goat!'"

The governor's wife is n't the only member of the Smith family who enjoys a good story—or knows how to tell it. After dinner, in the study with the men, Al Smith was at his best. He is a great actor; not a heel comedian like Willie Collier, who stands in one spot and gets his effect, but an all-over-the-lot acrobatic performer like Douglas Fairbanks. He gets out on the floor and acts out his scenes, puts his hands on the arms of your chair, shakes his fist at an imaginary enemy, and sinks into exhausted laughter at the end of his own story. His best ones were about prohibition and the Ku-Klux Klan. People say Al Smith can never be President because he's an anti-Volstead and a Roman Catholic. Well, I'll say to his credit that he does n't dodge either issue—even in his fun.

His K. K. K. story is about a Jew who went

up to the Klan headquarters and tried to get in.

"You can't come in," said the man at the door. "You 're not eligible."

"Oh!" said the Jew, "that 's all right. I did n't want to join. I just wanted to sell 'em the sheets!"

While we had been listening to Al's stories, Mrs. Smith had been superintending the rearrangement of the chairs in the main hall of the mansion, where the movie shows are held. This is a huge interior room, running lengthwise of the house, with the dining-room at one end and the drawing-room at the other. The latter is a fine room, recently done over by Mrs. Smith with the help of New York decorators; but not much can be said for the rest of the house, inside or out. The Smiths do the best they can with it—and have certainly brightened it up a good bit. Advertised products appear on every side. You might say that the Smiths are a typical family out of the illustrations in the advertising pages, so genuine and enthusiastic is their interest in the phonograph, the player-piano, the movie-machine, yes, even the radio.

"You have every mechanical method of amusement," I said to the governor.

"Yes," he said, "and we use 'em."

They did. While we were still waiting for Mrs. Smith to stick her head into the study and say, "Al,

the movie man's here," syncopated strains were coming from the drawing-room, where the older children were dancing with their mates; and from the music-room—Walter being the probable culprit—there issued competitive selections from "Little Jessie James" and "Sarah from Syracuse."

After the pictures, the governor whispered something to his youngest son, who straightway grabbed a neighbor's boy and disappeared above stairs. The two youngsters returned a moment later dressed as *Mr. Gallagher* and *Mr. Shean*. Amid much applause, they gave an excellent rendering of several of the more familiar verses of that famous epic, concluding with the following original composition, written by young Walter after the recent election in which his father triumphed over that distinguished jurist, the Hon. Nathan L. Miller:

Oh, Mr. Gallagher,
Oh, Mr. Gallagher,
What do you think of the
Election that's just passed?
I know the funny things you do,
And I thought perhaps this time, too,
You got on the wrong side of the deal.
Oh, Mr. Shean,
Oh, Mr. Shean,
As I walked up to that
Big election machine,

I saw a familiar name,
One that had a lot of fame,
Then you voted "Miller,"
Mr. Gallagher?
No, for Al Smith,
Mr. Shean!

The governor and I followed the boys up-stairs; and while they were writing out their verse, the governor showed me the family bedroom—all pink with a great mahogany four-poster in the middle of it. The old-fashioned double bed seems to be the rule in gubernatorial bedrooms. The only twin beds I have seen in an Executive Mansion were down in Maine—and the governor of that State is a bachelor!

In Walter's room, the two boys were struggling with the Gallagher and Shean meter. It just would n't come out right on paper. So the governor, leaning across their young shoulders and keeping time with a stubby forefinger, hummed over the lines until they got them. Then he discovered that they had left out the Al in "No, for Al Smith, Mr. Shean."

"Here," he commanded, "make it *Al* Smith. It sounds better, and it's more natural."

In the upper hall, a portrait of Elisabeth Marbury occupied an honored position; and I told the

governor that I remembered seeing his photograph on her desk in New York City.

"Yes," said Al, "she's a good friend of ours. We call her Bessie."

Elisabeth Marbury—Bessie! This astounding familiarity with so august a person made me realize how last names vanish in the circle of this extraordinary man. Everybody in the house that night—I suspect even the butler!—called him Al, and I don't remember his referring to any one by a more dignified appellation.

Once in a New York City court-room a crook or alleged crook tried to establish his honorable standing by exhibiting a letter on Executive Mansion stationery beginning "Dear Bill" and signed "Al." The governor's enemies made a lot of this incident, but the governor just laughed at them.

"I never heard of the man," he said.

"But he had the letter."

"That does n't mean anything," laughed the governor; "any citizen of New York who Dear-Al's me gets a Dear-Bill by return mail!"

Any citizen of New York—that is the only requirement for entrance into Al Smith's social register! A State-house employee told me of going into the governor's office about eight o'clock one night,

and finding Al sitting there with a little old woman from New York City, who had spent her last dollar to come up to Albany to see if the governor wouldn't get her son out of jail. It was the usual story. Al must have heard it a thousand times. But he was listening as if the old lady were a Balzac! When the other man came in, the governor excused himself a moment and whispered something about coffee and "eats." In a few minutes, the poor little old lady—her son in jail and her last cent gone—was devouring a feast of coffee and hot dogs in the sacred sanctum of the governor of New York, with the governor himself to wait upon her. After supper, he sent her off in his automobile to some friends she said she had in a near-by town—while he walked through the snow to the Executive Mansion.

Of course, he pardoned the boy! All such stories must end happily. But that was n't the ending. A week later, the governor was in New York City on a big party with some friends. About nine thirty Al was not to be found. No one knew when or where he went; and he said nothing when he returned. But the next day, he called the State-house employee into his office and said:

“Say, that old lady is all right now. I went to see her last night.”

A simple man, Al Smith—but of a simplicity which is very close to greatness.

II

THE "DRY" PINCHOTS

WE were standing ankle-deep in the Pennsylvania mud, Gifford Pinchot, Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, Giffy Old-Fish Pinchot, Bumble Seelyham Pinchot, and I; and we were hauling, every last man, woman, child, and dog of us, on a rope. At the other end, and fighting hard in the swirling December waters of Yellow Breeches Creek, was a capsized canoe. The governor had on his second best black soft hat. He had lost his best one when he was thrown out of the canoe. Mrs. Pinchot wore blue slippers. Alone of all the party, Bumble, the dog, was suitably attired. It was a scene of great and hilarious informality.

All at once I remembered how I had dreaded these Pinchots! Not because they were gubernatorial; for I had already met some real people under state-house domes. Down in Maine, I had had a wonderful time with Percy Baxter and his Irish setters; in Ohio, I had got a thrill and a sausage from Vic Donahey, his children, and his

convicts; up in the mountains of West Virginia, I had eaten a story-swapping dinner with jolly Ephraim Morgan and his soft-spoken Southern wife. But these Pinchots, who were forever trying to take the liquor out of people's cellars or to put the coal into them, were a bit terrifying. They were so incurably front-pagy. I feared they might be personages.

And maybe they would have been, if we had stayed in Harrisburg all day in that great, graft-built temple which crowns the Capitol hill. Inside the temple, about all you see are doors marked "Private": gloomy doors, depressing to the stranger; closed doors, terrifying to the taxpayer. On the left, you read, "State Treasurer, Private," and on the right, "Auditor-General, Private," and so on, until you have decided that at least six hundred of the six hundred and forty-nine rooms are of the star-chamber variety; then you see a freshly lettered white placard bearing this simple and friendly inscription:

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE
Walk Right In

I don't know whether it was the wording of the sign, or the flooding sunlight from the open door, which put a glided halo on the simple pasteboard;

but somehow I knew how Howard Carter felt when he found the first jewel in King Tut's gloomy tomb. And from that moment my heart warmed to the Pinchots of Pennsylvania.

I said that the door was open. So was the room: no glass partitions; no brass railings; no long line of barricading secretaries; just a great, brown, warm room, with a governor in it. There were seats for taxpayers on every side; and most of these seats were comfortably filled. Just inside the door was a beautiful young lady with a smiling morning face, who didn't ask you what you wished to see the governor about, but made you feel that it would be awfully nice to tell her.

The governor in a brown suit to match the room—becomingly rotogravure in every detail!—sat at a small table at the far end, talking with two fat, pink men of the professional politician type. I learned afterward that one of them was trying to get through an appropriation for a new commission, and the other was trying to get a job as one of the new commissioners. The governor was listening very politely and silently.

"I can promise you only one thing," he said at last, "but you can bet on that: this administration is n't going to spend any more money than it's got!"

Mrs. Pinchot told me afterward that the problem which was giving her husband the greatest concern, the one that did not get into the papers, was financial. He found the commonwealth twenty-nine million dollars in debt; and he is going to wipe that out during his first two years, at the same time assuming an added eight-million expenditure for schools.

This practical Pinchot was not just the person I had expected to meet; so I began looking for an explanation in the graphic charts that lined the walls. I was examining one of these in detail when I suddenly became aware of a pair of eyes over my shoulder intently engaged in doing the same thing. Over my shoulder, did I say? Over my head would be more correct—for the eyes belonged to the governor himself, a man built strictly for the purpose of carrying a banner at the masthead.

Pinchot *is* tall. I remember, that night at dinner—I should have said supper, for all Presidential candidates eat supper!—some one asked the governor if the water he fell into in Yellow Breeches Creek was over his head.

“Yes,” he said, “it was—when I sat down!”

They don’t make many creeks, even in Pennsylv-

vania, which are deep enough to be over Gifford Pinchot's head when he stands up. He is one of those lank, rangy, bald-headed chaps—a whole lot better looking than nature intended him to be. Perhaps it is unfair to call the man bald. His head has not yet reached the dividing line—some might even call it the parting line!—where every hair has its place.

The governor's face is small and not especially rugged, except the coloring, a fine Indian bronze of the kind which lasts all winter. His enemies say that he has a sloping forehead and a little nub of a chin—he told me this himself, which shows how little he cares for his enemies or his looks!—but they are unfair to him in this respect, as in some others. His forehead is high and broad, and his chin, though small like the rest of his features, is becomingly obstinate.

His eyes are busters, always brilliant, often radiant; and he has a way of tipping them up on one side, as if he were about to give you a salute, which makes you feel that you are in on something awfully good. Here, you realize, is a charming but elusive personality, not rough, not smooth—the antithesis of Roosevelt, yet hauntingly like him,

"How's your cold?" the governor asked the plain-clothes man who accompanied us from the State-house to the Executive Mansion.

"Not so good, sir," the detective answered through his nose.

"You stay at home, then, and take care of yourself," said his Excellency, and he gave the grateful man the same little salute which had first won my good will.

Later, when I realized that we were headed for a very lonely ride, and that the Pinchot family is in daily receipt of threatening letters from murderously inclined bootleggers, I grasped the full significance of this act of kindness. Only the day before, Mrs. Pinchot told me that she had received a message:

Kiss your husband good-by. You will never see him again.

Fortunately, the Pinchots seem quite unaffected by such attentions. I really believe they are impervious to criticism and threats—even to praise.

"Hello, Leila!" the governor called, as he bounded up the long stairs, three steps at a time. "We're going to salvage the canoe. Want to come?"

Evidently Leila did want to come; for before I

had time to figure out how a first-family name like Cornelia ever became corrupted into Leila, Mrs. Pinchot's blue slippers and silken ankles appeared at the top of the stairs—quite the smartest slippers and the nicest ankles I have ever seen in an Executive Mansion. As she descended rapidly, drawing on an Egyptian sweater over her American house-dress, I could see that she was tall, like her husband, and slender, too; but of a stately slenderness—not a lanky one like Gifford's! And Mrs. Pinchot does n't twist her eyes when she greets you; she does n't have to in order to give you the full benefit of their intensity. She is a beautiful woman, Cornelia Pinchot, with a strong body and a stronger face, and a deep, room-filling voice which manages somehow to be inconsistently feminine; and she is not afraid to be intelligent. I liked her. But, then, I'm no judge. I always did like red-haired women!

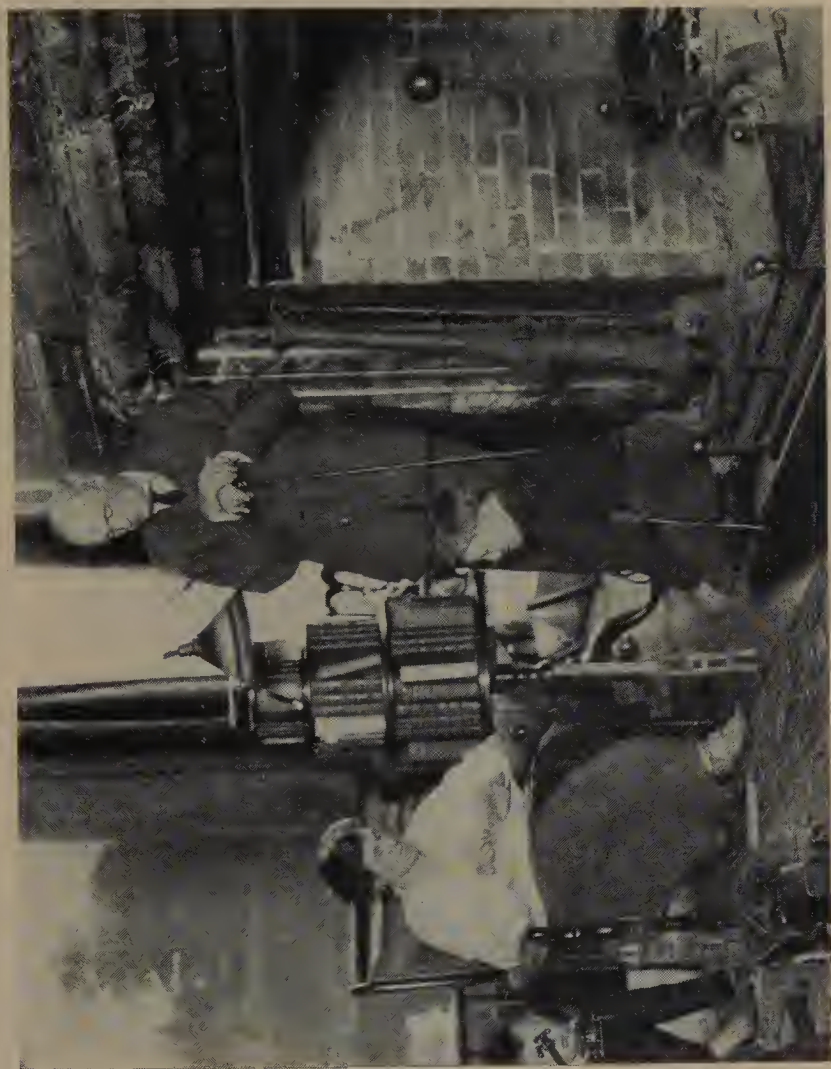
The governor had already told me, with much mirth and some shame, of how he—the greatest forester of all time, though, of course, he did n't say so!—had fallen out of his own canoe poling up the minor rapids of the small creek on his Mercersburg farm; and now Mrs. Pinchot repeated the story with much gusto and more detail. The point that amused her most—even more than the fact

that Gifford looked very funny in his wet clothes and that he had lost his campaign hat and a pair of gloves which she had been trying to get rid of ever since they were married—was the fact that her husband had just previously exercised his alleged authority to prevent her from poling the canoe herself, on the ground that she had wrenched her back the day before and might not be able to hold the course. In fact she intimated that when it came to paddling her own canoe she was quite as capable of doing so as Gifford himself.

The governor stood a lot of good-natured joshing. He even admitted that what Mrs. Pinchot said about her paddling ability was assuredly true and launched into an admiring account of her expertness in threading the Florida Everglades in a canoe in search of sharks.

“And when she gets ’em,” he concluded, referring of course to the sharks, “she holds ’em in one hand and kills ’em with the other!”

I said nothing but made a mental note that there were people in Pennsylvania—especially that considerable fraction which considers Cornelia Bryce Pinchot even more objectionable than her husband—who would feel that “she holds ’em in one hand, and kills ’em with the other” was a pretty good



Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania and his family

working description of the governor's energetic wife.

"You 'll love the farm," she said, as she pulled an undistinguished motoring hat over that wonderful red hair. "It 's an old stone house in the middle of some fields—just big enough for three Pinchots. The furnishings cost about two hundred dollars. We go out there week-ends and sometimes late afternoons and forget about Harrisburg. It 's a great life but a simple one. When Gifford was running, the papers invented a romance about a thirty-room mansion and retinue of servants and all that sort of thing; and took particular delight in repeating a story about Nancy Astor; Lady Astor, you know. I had had something to do with getting her to come over here to speak, and the papers insisted that she had refused to stay at the British embassy because the only person in America who had a house big enough for her to stay in was Cornelia Pinchot! Of course, she never said any such thing, but I suppose they thought the story would hurt Gifford."

She glanced affectionately at her tall husband, and then burst into a happy laugh. "Last Sunday at the farm, while I was making the beds, I thought of that story."

We were to stop at school for Giffy. But first the governor insisted on taking off his fur coat and putting it on me; and Bumble, the pup, leaped into the car and established himself with his tail on the tonneau and his two feet on my shoulder. I did n't notice this latter manœuvre and through the thick coat did n't feel his weight, so that a little later, when I felt a cold nose brush my cheek, I thought it was the feather in Mrs. Pinchot's hat and did n't realize the mistake until I had said, "Beg pardon." All the two-legged people seemed to think this was a great joke, saying "beg pardon" to a dog; but Bumble himself was solemnly appreciative and throughout the day divided his shaggy devotion between his young master and me.

The school turned out to be not the magnificent institution which you would naturally associate with the son of a thirty-room governor but a modest experiment in a private house—a school established by Mrs. Pinchot in the intervals between holding politicians in one hand and killing 'em with the other, and run, so she proudly explained, on the same advanced principles as the famous Lincoln School of Teachers' College in New York. In fact, the principal of Giffy's school had been my own daughter's favorite teacher at the bigger institution; so, before we had motored a city block,

Mrs. Pinchot and I were gossiping like a couple of old women over the back-yard fence about the virtues and vagaries of our young.

"The only bad thing about this school," said Mrs. Pinchot, "is that I am connected with it. All of Gifford's enemies will say it's no good unless every student turns out to be a Shakspeare!"

"I know one that won't," said the governor; but after I had seen him gazing proudly at his seven-year-old son I was n't so sure that he meant what he said.

Gifford—called Giff by his father, and, in softer moments, Old Fish—turned out to be the only thing in life that is remotely comparable to an angel-faced daughter: to wit, a scrubby little boy!

"Gosh!" exclaimed Giffy, when he saw the automobile, and his beady eyes began to show through his fat cheeks, "I got to bring in my bike."

Once the matter of the bike was negotiated, the point arose as to whether Giffy should put on the heavier coat which his mother had remembered to bring for him. Here we had the eternal question between mothers and sons! I am sure Giffy was prepared to take the negative side of the debate; but he had n't had a chance to get started when he found himself being hustled into the great coat.

"Gosh!" was his only comment at the time; but,

later, I heard him mumbling either to himself or Bumble, "Gosh, I'd order brought a sweater!"

Self-respecting little boys, who feel about coats as most people feel about bankruptcy or the itch, have a very hard time dealing with the modern mother. And I felt very sorry for Giffy, being humiliated before a perfect stranger, until I saw that he was easily consoled by the way the gubernatorial car swung out into the open road. Last year, when his father was running for governor, Giffy insisted on writing a speech giving his reasons why Gifford Pinchot should be elected. This is what he wrote:

My father ought to be elected because he will make a good ruler and besides we will get low numbers on our automobile and go through the traffic cops.

GIFFORD PINCHOT, JR.

A platform of autocracy and special privilege, as his mother pointed out, strangely unlike his father!

Giffy is not alone in attaching importance to a low number on the license-plate. "Sometimes," said the governor, "I feel as if most of my time was taken up with people who want two-figure automobile numbers or appointments as movie censors.

"Movie censors?"

"Yes," put in Mrs. Pinchot, "sometimes it seems as if half the women in Pennsylvania want that job."

But to get back to Giffy. At the age of three years and four months, he delivered himself of another notable political utterance, in which he gave a definition of Bolsheviks which deserves to become a classic. He was listening solemnly to a grown-up discussion of conditions in Russia.

"Giff, Old Fish," said his father, "do you know what a Bolshevik is?"

"Sure!" replied the youngster. "A Bolshevik is some one you don't like."

We talked about everything on that ride—from Admiral Chester's grants in Turkey to Rosamond Pinchot's début in "The Miracle" on the New York stage. I did n't know much about Rosamond, except that she was the governor's niece and a very pretty girl; but it so happened that I had been at Lausanne when the Turkish matter was under discussion by the powers and could tell them what I knew of it. "Jimmy" Gerard, as Mrs. Pinchot called the ex-ambassador to Germany, had been telegraphing them to protest against the ratification of the Turkish treaty. I don't know what position they finally took, but at the time they were inclined to stick to problems nearer home. The

significant thing to me was that this matter was being threshed out not between governor and council, or between political leader and his advisers, but between husband and wife. That is why, I imagine, people talk more and more of going to Harrisburg, not to see the governor, but to see the Pinchots.

The governor himself is a fine man, a strong man, who fears nobody, would go far—even if he were a bachelor; the governor and his wife are an unbeatable combination. Between them, they are putting the governor—not this particular governor, but all governors—on the map as a powerful influence in national life.

Governor Pinchot disclaimed any such intention. "I am no different from the others," he said, "only I have a greater faculty for getting into trouble."

"You seem to have a greater faculty," I insisted, "for going outside of your own State and looking for trouble."

"You mean law enforcement. Well, I am against the liquor interests on principle, and always, long before the Eighteenth Amendment got into politics. I also happen to believe in the Constitution of the United States. But my official interest in it is as governor of Pennsylvania. I feel that law enforcement is the greatest moral issue

confronting my administration—not the Eighteenth Amendment but the violation of it. As governor, I must clean up my own State; and I cannot clean up my own State unless I get aid from the Federal Government; and if I don't get that aid by staying at home and asking for it, I *am* going outside my own State, not to look for trouble, but to get the help I have a right to get."

This was the governor's only reference to the matter that was obviously nearest to his heart—and it seemed to me worth treasuring for the very reason that it came so directly from that particular part of the body—an organ so seldom active in modern public life!

But we were now at the scene of the governor's humiliation: the farm, the woods, and the rushing rapids of Yellow Breeches Creek. The place was as Mrs. Pinchot had described it, "an old stone house in the middle of some fields," and as simple and un-Lady-Astorish as you could wish; but beyond the fields were trees of the type that warms a forester's blood. It was clear that the great attraction of this week-end retreat, so far as the Pinchots were concerned, was not the farm but the forest which surrounded it.

The car stopped in a narrow road, beyond an old wooden bridge, where an almost indistinguishable

trail led off into the woods along the shores of the creek. Our progress along this trail was mostly a peeling contest, as the effort of plowing our way through the soggy woodland warmed us to a summer heat. Off went the fur coats; then the coats; then the sweaters.

At last, we came to the capsized canoe—inescapable evidence that for once in his life Gifford Pinchot was not dry. Bill, the gubernatorial chauffeur, had kept pace with us on the other side of the creek; and, when we came abreast of the floundered craft, Bill, protected by high hip-boots, was already up to his knees in the freezing waters, struggling to pry the canoe from the driftwood against which it was lodged. The governor was restrained with difficulty and much wifely vigilance from wading in after him. Soon, however, it was evident that the wise thing for us to do was to throw out the life-line to the venturesome Bill, and bring to bear a little leverage from our side of the creek.

The governor was ready—giving a very good imitation of a rodeo star as he hurled the clothes-line with unerring aim, and lassoed the chauffeur's upraised arm. In a jiffy Bill had the line made fast to the canoe; and we were pulling as in the

ancient hymn, "to bring the captive to the shore." Twice the rope broke. But in the end the skill of the forester, the strength of the woman's bloc, the force of advanced education, the blue blood of the Seelyhams, and the power of the press—all availed against recalcitrant nature. The keel of the canoe trembled; its green bulk rose above the current; and, after many long and some strong pulls, its bow reached the shore at our feet.

Then we made the long walk back through the woods, with the water-soaked canoe between us. And at last we parked the craft lengthwise across the wind-shield and the tonneau of the waiting car, and saw it disappearing down the muddy road under convoy of Bill, the chauffeur, Giff, Old Fish, and Bumble—the latter quite too exhausted for walking. It *was* hard work. But, as I trudged with the governor and Mrs. Pinchot across the rolling fields into the December sunset, I had a tremendous sense of well-being. It was partly the exercise and fresh air; but it was a good deal the Pinchots.

When the car returned, I was quite ready to sink my tired body into its soft cushions. Giffy and Bumble had already done so, and were fast asleep. Even the governor was ready to come

back from the land. But Leila was missing. Repeated calls of the familiar name found no answering cry—until, suddenly, out of the darkness came the tall form of Mrs. Pinchot, breathless, vibrant.

“We thought we’d lost you,” I said.

“Oh,” she panted, “I was all right. I just went for a little run down to the road.”

“She often does that sort of thing,” said the governor.

“I have to,” replied his wife, “to keep from getting fat.”

To keep from getting fat! The feminine battle-cry—it echoes from the ateliers on the Rue de la Paix to the wooded shores of Yellow Breeches Creek!

The governor’s secretary was waiting for him to affix his signature to an imposing document.

“Low number or movie censorship?” I asked. The governor did not smile.

“The date of a poor fellow’s execution,” he said, simply, and signed his name.

“How can you stand that sort of thing?”

“I could n’t,” he replied, looking more fatigued than he had after the long carry with the canoe, “except that I force myself to remember that I am only the last link in a long chain. This man

has had every opportunity to prove his innocence—and now I must do my duty. But I have put the date a long way off, so if there is a chance—” He did n’t finish the sentence, but I could see that for a sensitive man like Gifford Pinchot the business of being governor was not altogether a matter of plaudits and photographs.

“This is the gubernatorial bedroom,” said Mrs. Pinchot, as she showed me over the house.

She looked wonderfully beautiful as she stood there—her own Junoesqueness not altogether unsuited to the high, long vistas of the Executive Mansion. She had changed her costume from sweater and skirt to something soft and straight and clinging, red with silver or gold on it somewhere—yes, gold it was, red and gold like her hair. And there were slits down the side and other things beyond the descriptive reach of admiring man. Upon inquiry, she told me she had made it herself. There was something of the Old World about the picture; but, for the life of me, I could n’t say whether it was from Paris—or Olympus!

With a gesture, she ushered me into a room that had many of the dimensions and none of the architectural beauty of a fair-sized armory. All of the rooms in the Executive Mansion are uselessly and unlivably large. The builders evidently de-

cided to substitute magnitude for good taste. Everything in the house of the governor of Pennsylvania—even the room he sleeps in—must be of Pennsylvania proportions. If I were Mrs. Pinchot, I'd thank the Lord that Gifford was n't governor of Texas!

In one corner of the huge amphitheater were two beds—not twin beds, but one large father-and-mother bed and one small Giffy-and-Bumble bed, the two huddled so close together that Mrs. Pinchot's arm, outstretched, can touch the tousled head of her beloved offspring or the cold nose of his dog. My eyes opened wide, at this evidence of extreme, almost archaic, domesticity.

"Yes," laughed my hostess, "we all sleep together, we Pinchots—in what is probably the biggest tenement-house bedroom in the world!"

Dinner, or supper, tasted awfully good that night. And the fun was as good as the food. You would never have known from the governor's merry laughter that on his desk in the great paneled study lay all the mail he had not signed and must sign, and all the problems he had not solved and might never solve, but must try to solve, before he slept that night. Mrs. Pinchot, too, seemed quite to have forgotten the stupidities of politicians, male and female, in the joy of holding little

Giffy, all wrappered and slippered, in her lap—
while he, poor cherub, fought a losing battle with
the sleep that passeth even the desire for
ice-cream!

III

PERCY BAXTER, BACHELOR

“**M**RS. MULLETT,” said the governor, “Mr. Collins will have some more cold lamb.”

Mrs. Mullett was the very respectable Maine lady who waited on the governor’s table; and the cold lamb was the delicious but simple *pièce de résistance* of the governor’s luncheon. Governor Baxter and I had been talking for nearly four hours, so that we did full justice to Mrs. Mullett’s fare. So did the two school-boy nephews who occupied in rotation the third seat at the little round table. But the individual most interested in the stately progress of the meat platter was the Irish setter puppy, Garry, whose cold nose rested affectionately on the governor’s chair-arm.

“My father gave me my first dog,” said the governor, as he skilfully agitated Garry’s left ear, “when I was but nine years old; and for thirty-seven years she and her descendants have been my constant companions. In those days, the

prices of dogs were not unreasonable. Father paid three dollars for the pup, while I voluntarily contributed from my own savings what to me was the large sum of eighty-five cents to cover the express charges from Rockland to Portland."

The governor's father, James Phinney Baxter, six times mayor of Portland, was one of the richest men in Maine.

"In the course of time," continued the millionaire governor, "my dog arrived at maturity, and the household was blessed with nine pups, all thoroughbreds. And after about a year nine more pups of the same breed arrived and a thriving business was established. The male puppies brought me ten dollars, the females, five. I know, at the time, I revolted at this discrimination between the sexes. Perhaps this was why, in after years, I became an ardent champion of equal suffrage!"

We were sitting in the family dining-room of the fine old Augusta mansion which had formerly been the home of Maine's great hero, James G. Blaine, and was now the official residence of Maine's chief executives; but I had spent the previous day at the governor's own home on an island in Casco Bay, where the famous Irish setters had lived and died; and, of course, I had made a pilgrimage to the

little dog cemetery where eight of them have already been buried.

“Is there any significance in the names?” I asked.

“None—except that Deke shows the classical influence! He’s the one that went to college with me. He was a regular attendant at the classrooms, and during lectures sat beside me on the benches. Often he would bound into chapel during services, rush up on the platform, speak to the president or professor who was presiding, and then lie down beside the pulpit. One Sunday afternoon he brought a large bone to the chapel and laid it carefully at the president’s feet without interrupting the opening prayer.”

The governor laughed over these memories in a way which proved to me that he didn’t take either himself or his dogs quite so seriously as the nation had been led to believe when, on the death of the present dog’s father, the most famous of the Garrys, he had ordered the State-house flags placed at half-mast.

“My Garry,” he said, “was a part of my life. Moreover he was recognized as a member of my ‘State-house family,’ as much as any of us who work beneath the dome of the Capitol. There was no reflection upon humankind, nor was any

desecration done, by the lowering of our flag for a few short hours while I bore my trusted companion to his last resting-place."

The governor is a character. Bachelor. Tall, strong, and pink. Forty-six or forty-seven in the record books, but much younger with his hat on. "Just a nice age!" as one Maine woman expressed it. Rich, too. It's a shame he isn't married. But I looked vainly in his office and study and bedroom for a sign of an impending romance. On his desk are twenty-three ivory images: dogs, elephants, lions, rabbits, ducks, lizards, eagles, horses, cats, and one "hanatonosawa-emika-arima"—but no woman.

The best I can do for him in the way of a love-affair is an old Portland tradition that a certain distinguished actress, now playing on Broadway but once the visiting star of a local stock company, "played golf with Percy real often." The facts seem to be that the young man met the lady at his sister's home; fell immediately for her nationally famous beauty and charm; teaed her, dined her, motored her, golfed her, but did not propose to her. There was no doubt about the governor's being fond of the young woman; and Portland authorities aver that she would have "had him." Some of his more intimate friends even ventured

to congratulate him. But the governor is said to have replied:

“Thank you, but it is n’t serious. Miss——is charming, well educated, good company, pretty, and I like her. But it is n’t serious.”

What these same intimates believe the governor said to himself was this:

“This young lady is everything I say she is, and more. But she’s been petted and boosted and applauded all over the world—and she’d never be willing to settle down for good in Maine.”

My own opinion is that she did n’t like dogs!

The governor’s office staff, male and female, is openly worshipful. A stenographer who has been with him thirteen years has “never heard him say a cross word.” I allowed that few wives could say as much for thirteen-year husbands; and she insisted that if the governor had a wife, she would say the same thing. Of course, not even a man’s stenographer knows everything, but the traffic cop in front of the governor’s office had been equally enthusiastic. And it takes a remarkable man to be a hero at once to his stenographer and to his traffic policeman. The officer’s name was Reilly. And he was said to be a member of the Ku-Klux Klan. So, when he gave his opinion of a Congre-

gationalist governor, he spoke with considerable authority.

"Do I know Percy Baxter? Everybody knows him. He's the most democratic man you ever saw. Walks along with a sack-suit and a dog and a soft hat; you'd never guess he was governor. In fact," he concluded, talking through his whistle, "everybody calls him Percy!"

Everybody calls him Percy! This fact had evidently made a strong impression on the Irish Klansman; for he repeated it three times between waves. And when you consider that the place is Maine and the name Percy, it is, perhaps, the most convincing evidence of Governor Baxter's personal popularity.

Don't misunderstand. There is nothing soft about this low-voiced, pink-cheeked, boyish man; and, for all his popularity, nothing of the hail-fellow, all-things-to-all, stein-on-the-table about him. Everybody calls him Percy, but nobody calls him "Percy, old bean!"

Over the luncheon table he undertook to explain some of the hampering clauses in the state constitution. He was especially distressed that eleven men—one third of the senate—could block the whole governmental machinery.

"Eleven good men and true," I bromided.

"Eleven bad men and wicked!" snapped the governor.

Percival Proctor Baxter's career is full of paradoxes. He is a rich man's son, who has offended nearly every rich man in Maine. He is a city-bred, foreign-traveled, university-trained man, who draws his votes from the farm-house and the field. He is a bachelor, who—but I have told you about the women! He believes in the World Court and all that sort of thing, but has increased Maine's quota in the National Guard by sixty-eight per cent. "There is nothing incompatible," he says, "in working for peace and at the same time adopting reasonable means of self-defense." He was speaking at the time of his belief in the navy; but he carries the same principle into his daily life. He is a man of peace prepared for war!

Not long ago, three gentlemen called at the State-house and sent their names in to the governor. Two of them were already known to him. They were shown in at once. On entering, they took seats in a row along the wall—and the spokesman began:

"Governor, you are in the presence of the dreaded——" He mentioned the name of a certain secret organization, and paused for the effect of his words.

"Gentlemen," said the governor, "I am glad to see you—as citizens. But as representatives of a secret society on secret business, I cannot talk with you."

"Do you mean that?" asked one of the trio.

"Yes. As citizens, this room belongs to you. I am glad to receive you in it. But it also belongs to all the other citizens of the State. The doors are always open. Whatever goes on here, they have a right to know it."

The visitors recognized the logic of the governor's position by turning immediately to topics of general interest—the governor's dog, who has a special sofa in the gubernatorial office; the governor's loving-cup, presented by a hostile legislature, most of whose important measures he had previously vetoed; and the governor's motto translated from the Persian and carved in wood over the open fire:

Who learns and learns,
Yet does not what he knows,
Is one who plows and plows,
Yet never sows.

Then they courteously withdrew, doubtless with increased respect for Percival P. Baxter, while that young man again applied himself to the

business of "all the other citizens of the State."

The governor relates himself to those "other citizens" in every detail of his daily life. The Blaine House, where he lives, is big enough for butlers in livery, but the governor prefers Mrs. Mullett. The mansion contains a state dining-room, but the family never uses it. The legislature appropriated twenty-seven thousand dollars to run the gubernatorial home, but the governor declined the appropriation. He could well afford to spend the twenty-seven thousand out of his own pocket, but he does n't do it—and that was n't why he had the bill repealed.

"The people of Maine," he told me, "pay me a salary of five thousand dollars a year; and presumably they expect me to live on it. By being careful, and not going in for butlers and that sort of thing, I can live in the Blaine House for that sum. That 's all there is to it."

Of course, there are many things in the Blaine House that were not purchased on an income of five thousand dollars. There are several paintings brought by the governor from his house in Portland, which bear the brush-marks of world-famous artists. There is a little pastoral scene by Paul Potter, similar in color and composition to the famous Potter "Bull" at the Hague. One day an

old lady constituent, who had seen many similar scenes on her own farm, turned away from this masterpiece with the disappointed comment:

"Huh! It's nothin' but hand painted!"

Augusta, Maine's state capital, is a great show place for the country people. To the confirmed urbanite, Water Street may not stack up with Fifth Avenue or State Street as a retail center—but for many a down-east family the old town in the beautiful Kennebeck valley is a veritable Yankee Mecca. The governor showed me a cliff overlooking the little city, on which a lad from Piscataquis County recently stood and said in an awed whisper:

"Now I know what the world is like!"

Of course, all these visitors wish to see the State-house—on which Bulfinch, the famous colonial architect, put a front that is, in my unprofessional eye, far more beautiful than the more famous one on Beacon Hill; and a good many wish to go through the Blaine House. One of Mrs. Mullett's chief jobs is to show people the wonders of the mansion; and sometimes her other job of waiting on the governor's table suffers. But the governor is a very patient man. "It's their house," he says; "why should n't they use it?"

One day, he came across the street from the

State-house for his luncheon, tossed his old soft hat on the table in what is known as "Mr. Blaine's study," heard voices in the rooms beyond, and turned into the dining-room to wait. Pretty soon, he heard footsteps reverently entering the Blaine room.

"This study," said Mrs. Mullett, "is just as Mr. Blaine left it."

There was a moment of hushed admiration—and then, in a high, feminine voice:

"See, mother—even his hat!"

If the governor wears his hats longer than he should—which I can't say, for the one I saw on him was nearly new—he is not altogether to be blamed. One day last spring a Congress Street haberdasher was peering out hopefully into Portland's busiest crowd from behind an alluring display of spring straws, when whom should he spy peering wistfully in at said display but the governor, dressed, as Reilly described him, in a "sack-suit and a dog and a soft hat."

"Hello, Percy," called the haberdasher; "have a hat?"

"I'd like one," sighed the governor, "but I'm afraid you can't fit me."

"I can fit anything from a pin's head to a hog'shead!"



Governor Percival P. Baxter of Maine

"Well, if you can fit mine, I'll buy all the hats you've got of my size."

Twenty minutes later, the governor emerged—wearing the old felt hat. The plain fact is that—in spite of his modest ways—there isn't a hat north of Boston big enough to fit the governor's brain. As the Portland haberdasher pithily said:

"It's some displacement—and practically none of it is hair!"

All the Baxters have large heads—naturally, I mean. I could tell from family portraits which hang in the governor's study. These, by the way, have not the intrinsic merits of the old masters down-stairs! In the study, also, is another doubtful masterpiece, a stuffed fish, which the governor keeps to remind him of the only time he ever got the better of his beloved father, James Phinney Baxter, himself a notable figure in the life of the State. Father and child had put in a thoroughly unprofitable fishing day. Father wished to go home. Child still believed in his luck.

"I've got a nibble," he called; "what'll you do if it's a five-pounder?"

The tired father sighed. "I'll pay you ten dollars a pound for it."

The nibble matured into a bite. The fish

weighed eight pounds and three ounces. Percival put the eighty dollars in a special account in the savings-bank.

“And the last time I looked at the bank-book,” the governor concluded, “the eighty dollars had grown into nearly five hundred.”

The younger Baxter inherited many things from his father—besides his brains and his money. On our way up-stairs in the Blaine House he showed me a tablet which he had placed in the hall, stating the circumstances under which the State gained possession of the mansion, together with portraits of Mr. Blaine and Mrs. Blaine, both neatly labeled with brass plates.

Not long ago the governor climbed Mount Katahdin. At the top he was a little faint. Most people are. And he did what most people do: took a drink of whisky and quinine. Everybody knew that the governor's swig was strictly medicinal, for he is, and always has been, not only prohibitionist but a teetotaler. But one down-east Judas conceived the idea of spreading the story that the governor had taken a drink. The governor heard of the plan. One of the real friends who call him Percy told him about it. Most men would have ignored the incident. But not so Percival Proctor Baxter. He issued a

proclamation about it—and beat Judas to the pieces of silver!

“I’m not going to be put in the hole if I can help it,” the governor said; “my father used to say that the one thing you must do in life is to control your own circumstances. I try to do it.”

The governor is seldom platitudinous. When, in the course of his duties, he has to address different professions and trades, he does n’t hesitate to talk their shop as well as his. Last week, when he spoke to the doctors, he told them frankly that he had very little use for medicine. “Plenty of exercise,” he said, “plenty of sleep, good nourishing food and warm clothing—that’s my health doctrine.” And he’s his own best testimonial! To the teachers, he speaks with equal frankness of conditions in the district schools; but he does so only after visiting more than two hundred of these schools during his first year in office.

“I visit the schools,” he told me, “because I want to get right to the heart of the boy and girl question in Maine. And I try to say a few words to each class and write them once in a while to encourage them. It seems to help if they know the governor takes an interest in them.” It does help—as shown by these two penciled notes, which I have selected from many:

Dear Sir:

I was so glad to get your letter. I am going to study hard and always love the State of Maine.

MARGARET WATSON.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your letter. It will make me a good girl.

PAULINE THIBODEAU.

The governor's interest in children is pathetically keen. I have seen him with his own nephews. I should love to see him at the annual Christmas tree party which he gives in the State-house to about a hundred "wards of the State." He would be in his element playing Santa Claus. He certainly ought to get married! And I told him so.

"But those things are shaped for you," he replied. "You can't just say, 'I'll go out and get married next Tuesday.'"

"Well, you'd better," I said—having got to know the governor pretty well, but not well enough to call him Percy—"if you expect to be President."

"Of course I have never had any such expectations," he disclaimed. "But now you've set me thinking."

"Only two bachelors have ever been elected to

the White House—Buchanan and Cleveland—and one of them was impeached.”

“Yes,” said the governor, with a laugh. “And the other married!”

Perhaps I was n’t very accurate in my history, but the governor was too much of a gentleman to correct me. And the conversation served a useful purpose, because it led to a definite statement from his Excellency as to why “a nice man like Brer Rabbit” had never married.

“I’ve always had a ready-made family. My brothers and sisters, all older than myself, married and had children while I was still too young to do so. All through my youth, I was plentifully supplied with domesticity. Then, as a young man, I moved about a good deal, school here and in Europe, college at Bowdoin, law school at Cambridge, around the world generally. When I did settle down, it was with my father, a busy, active man, absorbed in everything that had to do with the best interests of the State of Maine. I became absorbed, too. I’ve been in public life ever since. When my father died, my widowed sister and her two young sons came to live with me. They’re with me now. You see, I have a family, and the responsibilities of family life. You might say,”

he concluded, scratching his dog, "that I have been *deflected* from matrimony."

"That sounds like Dryden," I replied; "did n't he say that somebody or other 'deviated in the truth'?"

"Say, rather, that I deviated into error!"

The governor usually has the last word. He is a picturesque talker—on any subject. He has traveled all over the world and met all kinds of people. He has had every advantage, and has taken most of them. He is something we seldom see in our public life: a man of the world. But his specialty is Maine. I think he is sincere when he says that he has no expectations outside the State. He believes in Maine. He loves her friends and—though he does n't raise his voice when he says so—he hates her enemies.

After luncheon we went out to the garage.

Usually at this hour, the governor and his dog forget their troubles in a long tramp over the hills which bound the Kennebeck Valley. The governor loves that valley almost as much as he loves Garry, and to show me more of it, he forewent his usual exercise and backed the old sedan out into the Blaine House yard. The governor is not a showy driver, but a good one; and the car is just like thousands of others of the same make—

except for a small Maine state flag on the hood. "That's the only style I put on," remarked the governor. And I guess he was right.

Climbing the hill to the Parade Grounds, my host told me of an incident which happened the last time he had motored up that hill. He was on his way to review the State Guard; and as he approached the summit, the historic old cannon above him boomed forth in the governor's salute. The rules require seventeen guns. But, along about the eighth or ninth, the ramrod stuck in the muzzle. There was a long silence. Then, without warning, the cannon went off again—blowing the ramrod out of the muzzle, over the governor's head, into the neighboring hillside.

"Lucky it did n't hit you," I ventured, "instead of the hill."

The governor laughed.

"There are a lot of people around here," he said, "who would n't agree with you."

Then we both laughed—for we knew he was wrong!

The governor took me to the station. He had previously telephoned for a seat in the Pullman. He insisted on waiting for the train, and on carrying one of my bags into the car.

"Governor"—I almost called him Percy!—

"you've been so nice to me that I won't be able to say anything bad about you."

"Go as far as you like," he replied.

And I have. He ought to have a wife instead of a dog. Otherwise he's a corker.

IV

VIC DONAHEY, PATRIARCH

“**D**RY? Of course, I ’m dry. I ’ve got ten children—six of ’em boys.”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

“I ’ve never done the things many men do. When I ’m not at this desk, I ’m home.”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

“Look at my fist!” shouted Governor Donahey.

“It ’s calloused from banging this desk.”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

I left the Executive Chamber at Columbus deafened and puzzled. Puzzled about the governor. You can tell a good deal about most men when you have seen them as I had seen Vic Donahey—in his own castle, on his own ground—especially governors and kings and people like that. For they are mostly simple folk, these rulers of ours. If they were n’t they would n’t hold their jobs.

The governor’s antecedents are simple, his training, his environment, his principles, his aims, his

speech. And he has the great simple virtues: he is honest, clean, hard-working, kind, full of good citizenship—in many ways, exceedingly able. Then, why did n't he impress me as being simple himself—simple in a big way that would make him just the man we are looking for, all of us regardless of party, to bring us out of the post-war mire? As I stood on the steps of the State-house at Columbus, I could n't answer that question. I could n't trust myself. So I decided to take a swing down through the State—to get the answer on Vic.

Of course, the most of the comments, except the wildly laudatory ones, were obviously partizan; some downright fanatical. One man, who boarded the seven thirty-eight at Trimble, thought Donahey was an Irishman—Vic's a Scotch Presbyterian of the pre-Harry-Lauder era!—and was sure he intended to make Ohio a Papal State. Another man down Gallipolis way said the governor was the head of the Ku-Klux Klan. He knew, because when the Klan held a parade in Columbus and an Irish policeman tried to stop them, the man at the head of the procession lifted his hood—and the cop let them go by. The latter action was so contrary to the character of all Irish policemen that I dismissed the evidence as “inconclusive!”

A college professor, who hailed from one of Ohio's myriad small educational institutions, peered at me over his thick bifocals and said: "What do I think of Vic Donahey? Nothing. He just does n't know things!" This answer was at least positive, but it might be set down to the usually bilious viewpoint of the impoverished intellectual toward the successful self-made man.

But a rotund candy salesman, who trekked into Athens late Sunday night after a ninety-mile detour in his mud-caked Ford, gave me the answer on Donahey which the governor himself, with all his bangings, had failed to give. "I see," he drawled, "this fellow Donahey says the Ohio roads are all right; that he does n't see any sense in paying high-priced engineers to fix 'em. I wish his nibs would take my route for a week or two. I guess he 'd talk more like a human being and less like a campaign speech!"

Less like a campaign speech!

That was the answer on the governor of Ohio—as I had seen him! The man I had left banging the desk in Columbus was n't Vic Donahey; he was Vic Donahey making a campaign speech. He *was* a campaign speech. So I went right back to Columbus to see if I could n't find the man behind the peroration!

It so happened that the governor's brother and his wife had brought over some special sausage from Cleveland; and though the governor allowed that he could make better sausage than his brother ever thought of making, still, he wanted me to come to breakfast and try the Cleveland brand. I will admit that I dreaded the ordeal. I liked sausage; but I was n't sure, then, that I liked Donahey; and he-men who bang the table and shout about virtue and raise large families are a bit terrifying early in the morning.

But fate had been kind to me. The governor had a cold. And during the night a high fever had reduced him to a state of decrepitude which approximated the normally vigorous condition of the average human being. At breakfast he was assertive, but not deafeningly so; and at times the seemingly hard features below the unruly hair were quite disarmingly soft—or would have been if their owner had n't acquired the habit of holding them tight to show how strong he was! I was impressed with the fact that governor Donahey would be a very nice fellow if he would forget that he was an honest man and let himself go; and that even as he was he had many good points which I had missed completely when he was really fit.

"I've been trying New Thought on him," said Mrs. Donahey; "I tell him he's God's perfect child. But he's obstinate. He says he knows he is n't."

Mrs. Donahey is a peach. She's had twelve children—ten are living—and she's listened to Vic's banging since 1897; but she's found in Ohio what that Spaniard never located in Florida, the fountain of perpetual youth.

"Mrs. Donahey's hobby," volunteered the governor, "is her husband and family." Then he added with a reversion to his State-house manner, "And she enjoys collecting antiques."

I am not so sure about the antiques! This marvelously young mother of twelve seemed exceedingly interested in up-to-dates. She had just been reading an article about the Prince of Wales—and she was keen to know more about him. She was as much interested in the prince's dancing prowess—and, I'll wager, quite as well able to dance with him!—as her lovely twenty-six-year-old daughter. But the governor does n't care much for royalty.

"Never much interested in any of 'em," was his comment. "I'm too American!"

One hundred per cent; that's Vic!

While the coffee was percolating, Mrs. Donahey

bubbled over with excitement about her trip to Washington to attend the governors' conference.

"We 'd never been East before," she said simply.

"Mother and I have n't had time to travel much," explained the governor. "We 've been raising a family."

The breakfast table was beginning to bear eloquent evidence of that fact!

"One thing I noticed and will say for the East," laughed Mrs. Donahey; "the people back there seem to have time to be polite. Our people out here come from just as good families as the Easterners. They could use good grammar and be just as polite, but they don't take the bother. I noticed it in riding in the auto across Pennsylvania. At Pittsburg, the 'hollering' began—and here at home it was terrible!"

I was glad, for the sake of the East, that Mrs. Donahey did n't get so far as New York!

"But Ohio 's a pretty nice place," she concluded loyally.

"Yes, sir," put in the governor, who immediately began to show an interest in the conversation—retailing a list of figures and statistics about Ohio's greatness which could have been known to no one but the most famous auditor of state Ohio ever had. It was n't Vic's fault that my weak brain retained

none of them. Of course, I had the highest respect for Ohio, anyhow. Like everybody else, I'd been voting for Ohioans all my life. But I did think that such a fine State might give its governor a handsomer place in which to live. Outside, the house is about like the one Booth Tarkington described in the first chapter of "The Magnificent Ambersons"; inside, as you enter, there is the usual impossible reception-room on the right, a decent dining-room on the left, and, beyond, a series of useless little cubbyholes, cut in sections like a jig-saw puzzle—the whole thing furnished on the cozy-at-any-price principle.

"But I just wish you could see our own place at New Philadelphia," spoke up Mrs. Donahey. "It's a Dutch colonial house with an Italian garden."

"And a Swiss view," put in the governor's brother, Harry Donahey, who is the famous cartoonist of the "Cleveland Plain Dealer," and a charming fellow, besides.

"Yes," laughed Mrs. Donahey, "from the window over my sink, I can look ten miles down the valley to the Zoar Hills." And then she said something which was the highest recommendation I ever heard for a view: "I could wash dishes all day at that sink!"

But the Donahey home at New Philadelphia serves a useful purpose, as well as an esthetic one. The baseball reporters often speak of a minor-league club which is owned by a major-league organization as being a "farm"—a place to which the young players are sent for seasoning purposes under the watchful guidance of some wise old veteran player. The house at New Philadelphia is like that. Grandma Harvey, Mrs. Donahey's mother, is in charge. And the younger Donaheys, who are not yet up to the big-league standards of gubernatorial life in Columbus, are farmed out to grandma to complete their training in the bush.

The full complement of Donaheys would be quite too much for any Executive Mansion. The governor himself is a big man and requires a good deal of swinging space. Mrs. Donahey, though she has her tendencies under magnificent control, is a person of at least normal plumpness. Margaret, who told me she was "the old maid of the family," is a woman grown—big enough to have friends of her own and pretty enough to have a lot of them. Mrs. Park Ogden, Elizabeth Donahey that was, has a husband and a baby son who is dearer to Vic than prison reform. Then there is Robert, the governor's right hand; John, a youth of eighteen; Hal, aged sixteen; Richard,



Governor A. Victor Donahey of Ohio and his wife

fifteen; James, fourteen; Dorothy, twelve; Victor, Jr., nine; and Marion, seven. The youngest—seven-year-old apple-faced Marion—is as big as my own twelve-year-old daughter; and the others, judging from the samples, are of relatively huge displacement. Ohio is a rich State, as Governor Donahey will tell you, but it can hardly be asked to house in its Executive Mansion a family which, within itself, represents so large a fraction of the electorate. Hence the big house on the hilltop in Tuscarawas County, the Donahey farm.

Some mothers would grow restive under this divided family system; but not Mrs. Donahey. When she cannot get up country as often as she would like, she keeps the gubernatorial car busy on the road—exchanging Donaheys and bringing each in turn under the maternal inspection.

New Philadelphia, by the way, is near where the governor was born—and Mrs. Donahey, too. For both the governor and his wife are of old Ohio farm stock—the best in the world—and, back of that, Scotch Presbyterian preachers, on all four sides, for a hundred years. I don't know how you can beat that—no wonder father's governor of Ohio and mother's had twelve children. But New Philadelphians were n't always so proud of young Donahey as they are now. The governor

says he remembers when several of the "original Donahey men" used to shake their old Buckeye heads and say, "Something terrible will happen to that boy, Vic Donahey"; and it was n't until he was elected auditor of state, says Vic, that they sat up and allowed as how they "always knew Vic Donahey would succeed." The governor admits that he was the leader of a gang of real boys; and he carries in certain portions of his anatomy to this day about twenty specimens of buck-shot from an improvised cannon—a gas-pipe on a stump, as he remembers it—as mementos of a twelve-year-old Donahey-organized Fourth of July celebration.

"I have six sons," he said, "and have tried to set them an example of clean living. I talk and act morality in all its phases, and teach my boys to discipline themselves."

I saw only two of the governor's boys: Vic, Jr., aged nine, an altogether lovable little boy; and Robert, the old man of the family, who is in the State-house with his father.

"I 've been in politics ever since I was sixteen," Robert said to me.

"How old are you now?"

"Nineteen."

He was standing in the center of his father's office the morning the governor had a cold, holding

on to a cigar with one hand and gesturing violently with the other—just like his father. He looked just as Vic must have looked when, at the age of twenty-one, he was elected clerk of Goshen Township.

The future governor had quit his text-books during his second year in high school and declared his intention of earning his own living. "Son," said Donahey, "if you won't go to school, I'm going to make you learn something anyhow. I'm going to put you in a printing-office." At nineteen, Vic became foreman of the shop; at twenty, he had a printing business of his own; and at twenty-one, he was ready to enjoy his own vote and to fight for his neighbor's.

How well he has succeeded in that fight is best told by the result of the 1922 election, when he alone of his entire ticket was returned a victor in the state-wide vote. But his personal triumph was more dramatic than it was comfortable. His opponents, who controlled both houses of the legislature, naturally did n't set out to make themselves any more agreeable than was legally necessary. On the last day of the session, they dumped on Donahey's desk one hundred and forty-odd bills, which would automatically become the law of the State unless vetoed by the governor within ten days.

According to Donahey, it was beyond the power of any one man to read all of these long and complicated documents in the time allowed; let alone deliberating upon them and deciding their fate. So the governor did a characteristic thing: he called in a committee of ten citizens, personal friends on whom he could rely, and parceled the bills out among them. Then he went over their reports in conference, and made his decisions. As a result, he vetoed more than half of the bills—seventy-eight, I think he said—and established a veto record for Ohio and the world.

“More than twice as many as any other governor of Ohio,” announced Vic Donahey, his features relaxing almost to a beam. “I entered politics,” he continued, “not from choice, but because in the community in which I lived the political position was the most remunerative.” The governor smiled grimly. “I’ve been at it now for twenty-three years, and I am still a poor man. Out of my salary and fees as auditor of state, I saved fourteen thousand dollars. That went into the place at New Philadelphia—is n’t that right, mother, about fourteen thousand?” Mother said it was right. “Then, I owe a little money to the bank up there, and a little more to my brother here—and that’s all.”

At this point, the governor's butler, a strapping big negro, placed in front of me my second cup of coffee. As he did so, the governor gave me a long-distance nudge with his elbow.

"See that fellow," he staccatoed across the table.

"Yes."

"He's a murderer!"

I pushed back the cup. Somehow, I did n't care so much for coffee. Up to that moment, I had forgotten all about the governor's passion for convicts. He has them in his office, in his garage, in his home. The whole place is creepy with them.

"Was that chap who waked me out of a sound sleep this morning," I asked weakly, "was he a —murderer?"

"Oh no," smiled Mrs. Donahey, helping her sister-in-law to sausage, "I don't like him so well. He just stole cigarettes out of a freight-car. There must be something wrong with a young man who does that."

"Of course," I readily agreed, "there must be a twist somewhere—but how about the fellow who has murdered another man? Is n't there something wrong with him?"

"Not necessarily," was the amazing answer of the sweet-faced woman, "he might just have gotten angry or drunk, like your boy or mine"—I thanked

God my boy was a girl!—"and then just happened to kill some one. I find that these accidental murderers," continued Mrs. Donahey, "are the best around the house."

Then she told me how each of her retainers had "happened" to kill his man, and spoke calmly of sending one, the chauffeur, back and forth alone over the isolated road to New Philadelphia with her children, and of leaving another alone in the house with her daughter and an old housekeeper who, she admitted, would be practically negligible in defense.

The governor had so far kept out of the discussion which he had initiated. Now he surprised me by giving the same practical explanation for his interest in criminals as he had given for entering politics. A smaller man would have lectured on the sociological aspects of prison reform—especially if he had Vic Donahey's weakness for the platform manner—but Donahey said: "I became interested in prisoners when I was auditor of state. *They cost so much.* Then I began looking into the subject, and made up my mind that if I ever got a chance to improve conditions, I'd do so. Of course, I'm interested in these boys as individuals, but I take 'em into my home to show what I believe should be done to help men who

have committed one crime and are eternally sorry for it. So here they are."

Vic Donahey was talking now as quietly and sincerely as if he 'd never run for anything—and with the simplicity which had been missing in his orations. He was no longer an actor living up to his notices—in Donahey's case, notices of his own writing. He had forgotten his lines and his audience. He was himself.

And every member of that family group—the wife with the morning sunlight in her face, the happy-eyed children, the relatives, even the stranger—was giving to Vic Donahey, the man, what they would never have accorded to Vic Donahey, the campaign speech: the respect which is due, not to the governor or the patriarch, but to the truly and greatly simple. He is a young man, Donahey. Fifty is very young, as great men go. He may yet surmount the chief barrier which now remains between him and greatness. He is honest and brave. And that is more than most of us are—even governors.

V

JAKE AND MRS. JAKE—AND JACK

“**M**OTHER,” said Jack Preus, aged four, his stubby finger pointing to a man who was getting off a street-car backward, “there ’s one of those things.”

“One of what things, Jack?”

“You know; one of those Norwegians.”

Jack’s mother—she prefers that title to any official sobriquet—laughed merrily. She herself was born Idella Haugen. She had married Jacob All Ottesan Preus, grandson of Herman Amberg Preus, founder in America of the Norwegian Lutheran Church. Jake was now the governor of a great American commonwealth; but if there is anything in this heredity that we hear so much about, little Jack is certainly *one of those things!*

Jack’s father believes that there is a whole lot in heredity. He “points with pride” to all his ancestors’ clerical achievements—even though he has no desire to emulate them himself. Besides Bishop Preus, Jake claims a maternal grandfather

who was a pioneer Norwegian minister in Iowa, and a distinguished and reverend father who was president of Luther College in Decorah, Iowa, the little town where the governor went to school and later found his bride.

"So far as I can see," said the governor, "ministers' sons average up pretty well with other people's sons. And why should n't they? My father was certainly all that was great and good and brave. Of course, he was n't the strict kind. I remember that he did n't mind how much we played baseball Sunday afternoons so long as we went to church in the morning."

"That 's pretty liberal, is n't it?"

"Well, it was father's idea of what was right," answered Jake Preus, as if that settled it; "and one of my brothers, who is now a minister, afterward preached mornings and played professional baseball afternoons. You see the Preus family is liberal. Why, my grandfather came all the way from Norway to take a little church in Wisconsin; and before he got to his new job he was fired for heresy."

"What happened?" I asked, knowing he referred to the famous Bishop Preus; "did he repent?"

"No; but the church did. And to show that the

repentance was a lasting one, that same church has recently called another brother of mine to be its pastor."

"How many brothers have you in the ministry?"

"Oh," laughed the governor, "three or four."

"How did *you* escape?"

We were taxi-ing from luncheon at the Minnesota Club to a busy afternoon at the Capitol; and through the open window the taxi-driver had n't missed a word.

"Oh," replied Jake, "I was n't good enough for the ministry. So I went into the profession which is the nearest thing to it."

"Law."

"No. Politics!"

The driver on the front seat let out such a loud haw-haw that people on the sidewalks thought it was a klaxon and hurried out of the way to safety.

"You see," sighed Jake, "even the chauffeur laughs when you mention politics."

But Jake does n't laugh at politics. He takes it as seriously as most people take mah-jong; and he plays the game day and night. "He's the best d—— office-holder in the world," one of his political opponents told me. "He never leaves his desk until everything is cleaned up and in good shape. Then he'll go out and address forty mil-

lion picnics, and arrive at every one on time. When it comes to political meetings, Jake's a regular Paul Revere."

I don't know about the Paul Revere stuff, for when I was in St. Paul Jake was n't running, or riding, for anything. But I'll swear to the governor's efficiency as an office executive. The Minnesota State-house is busier than most, because it is situated in Minnesota's busiest spot—the Twin Cities. Most of the commercial and financial leaders of the State, and many of the political, live in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Summit Avenue in the former city—where western novelists so often plant their heroines—and Minneapolis's three beautiful lakes are lined with the prosperous homes of Minnesota's leading citizens. Those who don't actually live in the Twin Cities have to come there to see those who do; and all of them climb Capitol hill to see Jake.

When I arrived at the Executive Chamber, the room was filled with all kinds of constituents. Billy, the giant negro of statesmanlike deportment who has seen six governors come and go, approached each caller in turn, wrote his name on a slip of paper, and disappeared into the woodwork at the end of the room. Then—before Billy could possibly have had time to throw his massive foot-

steps into the reverse—the governor himself would pop into the big room, go straight up to the newcomer, and usually call him by his first name.

It has been estimated that the governor knows sixty per cent of the Minnesota electorate by their first names, and that one hundred per cent of the electorate know him by his. His slogan in the gubernatorial campaign was the simple truth:

"It's Jake with me."

The governor is a husky. There is a squareness about his shoulders, yes, about his head, as if nature had intended to make him about six feet and six inches, and some one, perhaps Magnus Johnson, had hit him on the dome and reduced him to an even six. The somewhat squashed gubernatorial features add to this foreshortened effect. Herbert Hoover gives the same impression; and there is no indication in either case that the blow has tended to dislodge the head or the brains contained therein. Certainly Jake's blow has merely driven them both down solidly on his hard, square body so that there is not the slightest danger of his losing the former or spilling the latter.

As he sprang through the door to grab the hand of the first caller, the governor looked like a college half-back breaking through the opposing line. I mean, of course, a half-back in the modern manner.

His high, broad shoulders needed no protecting pads—nature had attended to that—and his fighting face scorned a nose-guard; but his whole demeanor was vitally athletic, almost pugilistic. That's it: Jake Preus looks a lot like Jack Dempsey, or as Jack would look if he saw himself in one of those broadening and shortening Coney Island mirrors.

Jake ought to be pretty good at hand-shaking, for he has been almost continuously in office since the day he left Decorah.

He started in Washington, D. C., first serving as a messenger in the Senate Chamber, then as clerk in the office of Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota. Old Knute, who was one of the most picturesque political figures of his generation, had been having a good deal of trouble with his Norwegian correspondence and sent a hurry call to his friends back home.

"Send me a Scandinavian who knows shorthand," telegraphed Knute.

"Why don't you try Jake Preus?" wired back his friends.

So Knute sent for Jake. But at the moment the young Lutheran was celebrating his entry into the United States Senate—as an errand-boy, of course!—by marrying that young woman of charming softness, Idella Haugen of Decorah. So old

Knute had to wire Jake: did he know shorthand and would he take the job? The young Norse bridegroom went out and bought a book on shorthand, gave it a thorough once-over, decided that he knew it, and wired:

“Yes—Jake.”

What followed, according to Mrs. Preus, was a very shorthanded honeymoon. “I spent those first weeks,” she told me, “giving dictation.”

“That ’s a good way to begin married life.”

“I ’m always glad I did,” she laughed, “for I ’ve had to take it ever since!”

Anyhow, Preus made so good on the stenography job that he soon became the main dependence of the aged senator. He not only handled his Norwegian correspondence, but, what was more important to the old man, he listened interminably to his Norwegian reminiscences.

“He ’d stay at the office as long as Senator Nelson stayed,” Mrs. Preus told me; “then he would walk home with his employer, and stand out in front of the senator’s house for hours while dinner got cold. I suppose Mrs. Nelson was used to it, but it was hard on a bride. When he did come in he ’d never complain about his cold meal. He ’d just say: ‘I could n’t bear to ask the old gentleman to finish his story.’ ”

Of course, Jake Preus with his college education and his law degree from the University of Minnesota could n't stick forever as clerk in Knute Nelson's office; so, with the blessing of his distinguished employer, he started for Minnesota to practise law. His only previous non-political experience had been as shoe-clerk in a Minneapolis emporium working his way through law school; but now, he put out his shingle with every confidence that he could make a living for himself and his bride. He never had a chance to prove it. For almost before he had snared his first client, Governor Eberhart sent for him and pressed him into service as executive clerk.

Once in the State-house, Jake never left it. Governor Eberhart was looking for a man he could trust as commissioner of insurance; and he remembered the good advice given Senator Nelson: "Try Jake Preus." Preus did n't know any more about insurance than he had known about stenography; but he applied himself to the job with such vigor that he soon became a national authority on insurance law; and when he finished his term, he turned down an offer of forty thousand dollars a year from an eastern insurance company, to become auditor of state. And, in 1920, when Minnesota leaders needed the strongest man they

could get to beat the Non-partizan League, Jake went out and "addressed forty million picnics" and became governor in the very office where he had started as executive clerk.

"Daddy, Daddy!" came from the open door of the Executive Chamber—and the State of Minnesota ceased to function as young Jack Preus, round as a barrel and about as high, plunged tumultuously through the crowd of waiting politicians. The big governor reached down and swept the small bundle into his arms. In his melting eyes there was but one thought: he had been away from his family for six days—"a very long time," Mrs. Preus called it—and here was his beloved Jack nestling once more in his arms. But in the boy's mischievous eyes there was a more disingenuous gleam.

"Daddy?" he whispered. "You got sumpin'?"

Yes, daddy had "sumpin'"—wonderful colored editions of "Three Little Pigs" and "Jack the Giant-killer"—but, obviously, the Executive Chamber was no place to exhibit them. By this time, however, Mrs. Preus, a smiling-faced woman with understanding eyes, had caught up with her vigorous offspring and was prying him from the gubernatorial arms.

"Just look at those mittens!" she sighed, as she



Governor J. A. O. Preus of Minnesota

pulled two snowy gobs off Jack's fat hands. "That's the fifth pair to-day. There are four more at home—on the radiator. And now, young man, your overshoes."

But Jack had anticipated some such maternal follow-up, and was already scuffling merrily along a semicircular race-track that started at daddy's desk and ended unexpectedly in the lap of the secretary of the State Penal Commission—avoiding his mother by the space of two leather-covered chairs. When brought to earth, Jack stated that he was "too busy a man to take off overshoes"; and after spending an afternoon with the young man, I am inclined to think he is right.

Mrs. Preus is most decidedly a home woman. "I always believed that women should have the vote," she confided to me, "but I never would have fought for it. And I'm not a club woman. How could I be? I've always been with my husband." When she got rid of her heavy motoring-coat, I perceived that she was slim and girlish and decidedly easy to look at—not much over thirty—and one of those rare women who look better with their hats off. The famous milliner who said she cared not who made the nations' faces so long as she could make their hats had never seen Mrs. Preus; but, of course, being a man, I don't know

whether Mrs. Preus might have looked even prettier if she had seen the milliner. I suspect that she might. In fact, I suspect that most of our good-looking Middle-West women work under a little handicap in sartorial contests with their eastern sisters. Goodness knows, if they'd stick to the really important parts of the women's magazines instead of reading about governors and kings, they ought to look like the Rue de la Paix; but, as it is, they have to hustle to keep pace with their smartly dressed husbands. All through the Middle West, I had been impressed by the latter's well-groomed, clean-cut appearance.

"I think," said Preus, "that advertising has had a good deal to do with the improvement in men's appearance."

As usual, the governor had put his finger on it. No man can go on year after year looking at those clean-shaven fellows with the neatly fitting collars without making an occasional visit to the barber shop and the haberdashery. Preus knows a good deal about problems of selling and marketing. He had to learn about them for the sake of the farmer and the housewife; and as a result he is generally recognized as the biggest man in the country on coöperative marketing—Minnesota's method of solving the farmer's difficulties with-

out resorting to the socialistic program of the Non-partizan League.

“Coöperation,” he explained, “is the opposite of state ownership. It leaves the farmer in charge of his own business, but it helps him to cut out the unnecessary charges, thus increasing the return to him without increasing the cost of necessities to the housewife. Minnesota was the first State to try coöperative marketing, and now more than half of the State’s farm products are sold that way.

“One of our most successful coöperative propositions has been in the dairy line. Before we had coöperation, butter was sold by the farmers for from eight to twelve cents a pound. Now it sells for from thirty to forty cents a pound without affecting the retail costs. The price doubled almost at once when coöperative marketing started. In the State there are approximately eight hundred creameries. About six hundred of these are in the coöperative organization. At the close of the war when the farmer’s income on every other product dropped, butter did not. At the last session of the legislature a law was passed permitting the organization to act as its own jobber or selling agency. Thus the marketing is controlled by one management to the great benefit of the various creameries.

"Now we have added coöperative marketing for potatoes and live stock. We have our own live-stock organization in South St. Paul, the packing district, and an enormous percentage of the farmers' cattle and hogs are handled in this way; probably sixty per cent. The result is bound to be of the greatest advantage to the farmer and the housewife; for the middleman, who has been getting so large a percentage of the profits, is being eliminated."

Jake is sometimes accused by his Non-partizan and Farm-Labor opponents of being a friend of the capitalists. Jake does n't deny the charge; but he asks:

"Why, who is a capitalist?"

Then he answers:

"Any person who owns property and makes money on it is a capitalist. If you have a hundred-dollar Liberty Bond and draw four dollars a year interest on it, you are a capitalist. If you have a farm in the country and make money from that farm, you are a capitalist; and if you have a balance in the bank, and you get interest thereon, you are a capitalist. If you have any property in this world and you make money on it, then you are a capitalist."

Jake Preus knows his business: and he knows his Northwest. He may be "one of those things"—but he's a wise one!

When we were safely packed into the coupé—Jake and Mrs. Jake and Jack and I—Mrs. Preus showed her quality by admitting that her husband was a good driver. "If Jakken did everything as well as he drives a car," she said affectionately, "he'd be all right." Jakken, she explained, was the diminutive of Jacob, by which she had first known the governor in the old Decorah days. "And I remember when he could drive a horse pretty well. His father had some good ones. In fact, he helped out the college business by raising blooded live stock. And Jakken used to horrify his mother, and mine, too, by taking me out driving with a colt he was breaking. One day, the colt broke away and pulled the buggy over a precipice. I guess we'd have all gone down together if the wheels hadn't caught in a sort of dugway. Jakken held on to the reins while I got out and grabbed the bridle. Then, while I held the colt, he unhitched the buggy and backed it up the slope to the road. Of course, we did n't tell the mothers about that!"

"Were you engaged at that time?"

"Not exactly. You see, Jakken was just a school-boy—though he was teaching summers and saving up to go to the university."

"No," laughed the governor, "we were n't engaged. We were just at the stage where I drove back forty miles every Sunday just to see her."

"I was n't sure at first that I wanted to marry him," added Mrs. Preus. "I was so afraid he might go into the ministry—and I knew I was n't meek enough for a minister's wife."

"I guess I had n't shown much promise of being able to earn a living any other way—"

"Oh, yes, you had, Jakken; you were a lovely whistler." Mrs. Preus had a good laugh at her big husband. Then, to me: "Jakken's a little sensitive about his whistling. Once the boys on the college band invited me to hear them rehearse. They had a new instrument, they said, but it was only Jakken behind the scenes—whistling."

"That was n't an artistic accomplishment," insisted the governor; "it was self-defense. I learned to whistle while milking father's cows. It soothed 'em!"

"Jakken never did like milking," said his wife. "Once a farm paper asked Jakken what he most disliked to do as a boy, and he answered right away, 'Milking cows.' Then they asked what he

found the hardest to do, and he said, 'Fighting asthma.' And I think that last answer still holds good. He has to go away every fall for two months to a camp in the northern part of the State to get away from the hay-fever infection. Perhaps it has been a good thing, too, for we all go and make it a wonderful vacation, and I don't believe we'd ever get such a thing if it were n't a case of *must*."

Charley Johnson's camp on the Canadian border! Long days hunting and fishing in the northern pines! Next to his family, those autumn vacations are the greatest enthusiasms of Jake Preus's life.

When the car stopped on a Minneapolis parkway in front of a little, brown-shingled bungalow of scarcely more than "love-nest" proportions, I realized that the State of Minnesota did not furnish its governor with an Executive Mansion. This was the modest home of a modest man—just the sort of house that is repeated thousands of times in the suburban real-estate developments of our bigger cities.

"It's not a big house," said Mrs. Preus, "but it's a pretty one; and it seems big to us because we've always lived in an apartment near the Capitol. Too near, in fact, for we might just as

well have lived in the dome. Every evening, when we went out walking, our walk would end in Jakken's office."

"I'd rather live in a little house that I can afford," added the governor simply, "than in a mansion that belonged to the State. I don't like being under obligations."

Fine, simple, modest people the Preuses, who have never allowed the glamour of high office to interfere with the solidarity of family life.

"We've never gone in for society," said Governor Preus, as we settled down in the pleasant livingroom. "For one thing, we couldn't afford it. I've always had a very small salary, and with the exception of one year, when we had a lot of sickness, we've managed to save some money. I believe everybody should do that, and everybody can. But we don't care for social affairs, anyhow.

"Of course, we have to stand for a certain number of official entertainments, but those we always give at the Capitol. At home, we have the same friends we always had. We prefer to stick around with them and with ourselves. As for me, Jack keeps me pretty busy."

Jake Preus's affection for his youngster is one of the most absorbing paternal passions I have ever encountered. When he is away from home,

even so far away as New York, he calls up every day on the long distance, and is not content with knowing that Jack is all right; he must hear the young man's voice. When he reaches home at night, his first job is to respond to the inevitable "Tell me a story, daddy."

My own most vivid memory of this nice, big man is his sitting hunched up in a great over-stuffed chair, with little Jack in his arms, expounding the extraordinary adventures of the Three Little Pigs.

Jacob All Ottesan Preus is a good man. He is only forty. He may yet be President.

VI

THE BLAINES OF BOSCOBEL

“LEMON or cream, Mr. Collins?”

The question came from behind the gleaming tea-table, where the wife of the governor of Wisconsin sat enthroned in the royal glory of her “afternoon.” The long, graceful drawing-room of the Executive Mansion at Madison buzzed with the voices of dark-frocked Wisconsin women, wives of judges, senators, and professors: just the sort of people who have helped to make this little university town the progressive capital of the nation.

And, as so often happens, the guests proclaimed the hostess.

“Mrs. Blaine is the best loved woman in the State of Wisconsin,” confided an alert young thing of sixty from behind the ostrich-like privacy of a lifted tea-cup.

“And the best neighbor in the world,” pæaned another admirer under cover of a half-munched macaroon.

Mrs. Blaine passed me my cup. “You must n’t

believe anything these people say," she protested, with a quiet gesture of affectionate deprecation; "they are my intimate friends."

"'And your severest critics'?" I quoted; and from the look that went the rounds, it was clear that these ladies had read the book, if they had n't seen the play.

The governor's wife has smiling eyes, quick, engaging flashes of expression, gentle, straightforward, friendly ways, and an indecent share of youthful good looks for a woman no longer in her thirties. But, most of all, she has poise. Even a jest, on the lips of this quiet, sure woman, assumes a certain dignity. And, in spite of her modest denials, I believed all that her friends said about her, and more.

Very tactfully, Mrs. Blaine assisted the conversation from tea to tea-pots, and from tea-pots to Tea-pot Domes—a not impossible transition when the oil scandal was threatening to crowd the margin off the front page of every virtuous newspaper. These Wisconsin women knew their oil, and all the issues and personalities involved. Here was none of the meaningless repetition of overheard man-talk—the "John says" and the "Arthur thinks" which so often punctuates tea-party discussions. These women read and thought for

themselves; and a good many things they *knew*.

The governor's wife is a pretty fine type of home-grown feminist. She believes in most of the aims for which organized womanhood is working; but she does n't believe in organization for organization's sake.

"I think," she said, "that women's clubs are going to continue to exist, in spite of the fact that we have suffrage, but I believe they must broaden out and be to women what men's clubs are to men, a home for those who have no homes, places where visiting women can be entertained, places where the activities of women, broadly speaking, may be discussed. I believe that the study-club is going out of existence."

Blaine has every reason to be proud of his wife, for she has elected to make his career her own.

"I have always believed in women taking part in politics," she told me, "but only in the sphere in which their other obligations have placed them. I cannot imagine a married woman's finding any career so useful as helping her husband to succeed in his."

This might not be good feminism, but it seemed to me good sense!

"Mrs. Blaine's political judgment," the governor told me, when I left the tea-party for the study,

"is excellent, especially in questions of right and wrong. She cuts right through to the core of things, has no patience with Machiavellian political moves, and scents a trick a mile off. And they tell me, though I've never heard her, that she makes a fine speech."

"To women's clubs and that sort of thing?"

"No! To the same gatherings that the men address. She speaks from pulpits and stages, from back platforms and from trucks, sometimes soap-boxes. Why, in the last campaign she spoke every night in one part of the State while I was campaigning in another! And even now, when we're motoring through the country trying to forget our political cares, Mrs. Blaine will point out some lonely cross-roads, and say, 'That's where I made a speech.'"

The governor himself is a great orator. In the late successful campaign he made two hundred and nineteen formal speeches of more than an hour each. He often made eight of these addresses in a day, sometimes nine, ten, and eleven. "And I felt fine," he told me. But the most important speech he ever made, and many say it was best, was the one he delivered in La Crosse, Wisconsin, in the spring of 1904, when he persuaded Anna McSpaden to join the Blaines of Boscobel!

Just at first, John Blaine is n't so intriguing as his wife. On the political platform, he's afraid of no man; but at home, suffering from an attack of sinus, John's a little stiff. He's the kind of a man who signs a few letters before he can give himself wholly to the business in hand. For a moment, I suspected that the governor held the pose a little longer than was really necessary. He has a strong profile and a well-shaped head. He looks very impressive signing letters. He has been photographed that way. But I soon realized that I had wronged him. John Blaine is by nature a bashful man. Under the protecting grandeur of the State-house dome, the governor would doubtless have disguised his shyness with his State-house manner; but in the little box of a back chamber—converted, I judged, from the second guest-room into an improvised study—the man in the black velvet smoking-jacket was more like a boy than a governor. And that's what he proved to be: a big boy with a cold in the head!

“Every governor of Wisconsin makes a business of having them,” he explained, referring to the cold. “Somebody put in a patent ventilating system up at the Capitol that does most of its venting right behind the governor's chair. I stood it for one term, but now that I'm safely re-

elected"—the governor was no longer uneasy—"I've told 'em to board up that ventilator. When I want air, I'll open the window."

"Anyhow," he concluded, "I like my fresh air *fresh*. You know, I suppose, that I'm a farmer?"

Immediately I smelled danger.

"Don't let John get to talking about his cattle," Mrs. Blaine had counseled. "If you give him a chance he'll talk to you about butter-yields and milk-production until—well, until the cows come home."

So I tried to bring back his sinus.

"It's nothing, nothing," he insisted, "only I'm sorry to have to receive you here. I'd rather—"

"That's all right," I assured him; "I've seen the Capitol. It's beautiful, but they're all alike—and I've never seen a governor in a smoking-jacket."

"Oh, I didn't mean the Capitol," he answered in a disgusted tone. "What I want to do is to show you my cows."

"Yes," I replied hastily, looking behind the rocking-chair to see if he kept them in his study, "but I see you have a picture of one of them here." I laughed uneasily. "Can't you show me that instead?"

The governor forgot all about his sinus. "That,"

he shouted, pointing to the innocent cow, "that's only a Jersey." The governor rose to his indignant feet. "My cows, sir, are *Holsteins!*"

He was now fully aroused. His hands tossed about among a pile of papers on his desk, until he found the agricultural journal for which he was looking.

"There," he said; "read that!"

I read:

The distinguishing characteristics of the Blaine Holstein herd are the lines transmitted from selected foundation cows mated with the senior herd sire, Westkota Sir Hester Cornucopia, H. B. N. 210437, born December 12, 1918.

This eminent sire is a son of Westkota Sir Hester Cornucopia, who has 50 per cent the same breeding as Hester Corndyke Cornucopia (three and one-half years, 34.15 pounds) and who is by a son of College Belle Wayne (35.38 pounds) and from a 24-pound daughter of the former world's champion, Hester Aaltje Korndyke (46.79 pounds). His dam is by a grandson of Pontiac Burke (one daughter above 30 pounds) and—

"Take, for instance," interrupted the governor, "the junior herd sire, Matador Bonerges Echo. . . ."

Well, it was some minutes before John Blaine could be switched away from the dairy-farm at Boscobel; and I am not sure that he would ever



Governor and Mrs. Blaine of Wisconsin

have accomplished the transition to the Executive Mansion at Madison, if it had n't been for the association of ideas. I finally broke in with the observation that the State provided him with a much more tasteful home than many of those I had seen in my gubernatorial wanderings.

"Yes," he said, "and it is more interesting than most Executive Mansions because of its associations. It used to be the home of Ole Bull."

For one terrible, punful moment, I thought the governor was reverting to his favorite topic. But no! He was pointing across the hall to a massive black walnut bed, and explaining that there was where the great musician breathed his last. And—this is one of the fine things about Blaine—he did it with just as much boyish enthusiasm as if Ole had been a Holstein!

John J. comes to his farming enthusiasm honestly. He was not only born on a farm—but it's the disappointment of his life that he is n't on one now. Up in Grant County, Young Blaine is still remembered not only as a cattle fancier, but as a high-class horse-wrangler, wood-chopper, and chore-doer. He admits that he had no ambition beyond becoming proficient in these rural pursuits until one day he swung so hard at a chopping-block that he strained his left arm. The injury

proved a serious and continuing one, unfitting the sturdy young farmer for following so active a profession. As he modestly expressed it, "I had to look around for some way of supporting myself that was n't such hard work, so I took to law!"

But John did n't have much more chance to be a lawyer than he had had to be a farmer. Somebody dug up the important political fact that he had been born in a log cabin. That settled it. Four times they elected him mayor of Boscobel; four times they made him county supervisor; and then they began sending him up to the state conventions to vote for La Follette.

"Blaine was a tall, spectacular, boyish figure," one old-timer confided to me, "as he appeared on the floor of that first convention—with his coat off and in a white shirt and *red suspenders!*"

You can't stop a man who appeals to both the log-cabin and the red-suspender vote! But you can try psychoanalysis on him—and after switching him from Matador Bonerges Echo to Ole Bull, it was n't difficult to make the next step: from cows to corporations. For John is as keen at milking one as he is the other. With this difference: he milks cows for John J. Blaine; but he milks corporations for the State of Wisconsin!

Blaine's fight with the local manufacturers was

over back taxes. He felt that some of them were holding out on him. In fact, he claims to have had a tip from Washington that their state returns and their federal ones did n't gee. He could n't prove it, because according to the Wisconsin law he could n't look at the tax returns. Nobody could. They were secret. So he threatened to go to the people for a repeal of this secrecy clause. His opponents, scared by his threat, got a ruling from the attorney-general that John J. was wrong; that the governor, in his official capacity, *could* examine the records; and that, therefore, the public needed no further protection.

Then, they nominated the attorney-general to run against the governor!

I don't know anything about the rights of the matter—I guess a lot of us would hate to have our neighbors peering at our tax returns—but John Blaine thought that publicity was the only way to get those back taxes, so he was for publicity. As a lawyer, he had not believed that he had any right to examine these tax returns, but if the attorney-general insisted that he did, there could n't be any harm in taking a look. And, having gone that far, there was surely nothing in the law that said he should n't tell the world what he found out. Blaine's opponents had handed him the

ammunition; and straightway he found the fuse.

"I managed to get hold of a list of the contributors to Attorney-General Morgan's campaign fund," the governor told me, "and when I compared these names with the corporations which had failed to pay their full taxes, I found that the interests represented were practically identical. So I slipped the two lists into my brief-case and started out on the campaign.

"We opened up in Milwaukee. First I made a brief statement of the principles for which I was fighting: publicity for all tax returns and the collection of back taxes. Next I pulled out my lists and began to read names and addresses of well-known Milwaukee firms—how much they would have to pay the State if I were elected; how much they had contributed to help elect the other man. I did not hesitate to name men sitting in front of me, and their neighbors and friends.

"Then I moved on to La Crosse. Everywhere I did the same thing. Finally I reached a small city in the northern part of the State, where three thousand people were waiting at the ball park. The tax sheet did n't fail me. There, big as life, was the name of one of the leading manufacturers of the town, and the amount he owed the State. The mention of the name made a sensation. Then,

to my dismay, I discovered that this manufacturer's name was *not* among the campaign contributors. I was about to confess my mistake when I remembered that there was a small supplementary list of contributors—people who had sent their money through a separate committee.

“When I thought of that other list, I knew I was being guided by Providence. And I said as much to those three thousand people. I told them just what had happened and asked them to wait while I dug down into my bag for the other list. No one in the ball park moved. It was a dramatic moment. And when I drew out the missing paper, and found that the man's name was actually on it, those three thousand people were just as relieved as I was!”

I was beginning to see why this shy, reserved man had gained such a hold on his fellow-citizens.

Blaine substitutes for the easy familiarity of political good-fellowship hard work, devotion to what he thinks is right, and courage. The latter is, perhaps, John J.'s chief dissipation. For instance, John has n't much use for prohibition.

“I favor the impartial enforcement of all laws,” began the governor, seriously, “but I think we might better have the kind that can and will be obeyed, instead of a law that requires a special

method of enforcement, or one that is inherently subject to evasion."

"But we *have* the prohibition law."

"We won't always have it," he insisted. "The Puritans passed laws prohibiting the use of tobacco, compelling attendance at church, determining when the people might and might not travel. They could n't be enforced. So the legislative bodies of those days resolved in favor of more enforcement, more regulations, more punishments. And every time the laws were made more rigid, the people found new ways of violating them.

"There was a continual contest between the law-makers and the law-breakers, between the legislative bodies and the people; and the people eventually won out. The more restrictive the laws became the more flagrantly they were violated, until they were all repealed or made a dead letter by interpretation and common consent.

"I believe," the governor concluded, "that that's what will happen to the prohibition law: *it will be interpreted out of existence.*"

Misguided views, perhaps, but, in these days, courageous ones! As Mrs. Blaine said, "anybody must respect them" whether they agree with them or not—and they must respect the man who has the courage to give them public utterance. As he

talked, my imagination went back to that crowded ball park and the three thousand breathless people pulling so hard for the man who had faith that Providence would help him smite his enemies.

"Do you often get crowds of that size?" I asked.

"At Wausau, the next Sunday afternoon, we had ten thousand in the Fair Grounds."

"Ten thousand people!" I exclaimed. "Did you talk to them about taxes?"

"No. I had a more interesting subject: pardons."

I recalled that the opposition press had frequently accused Governor Blaine of being too liberal in distributing his pardons, especially to ex-soldiers.

"In 1922," the governor told me, "there were three hundred and fifty-two of these poor fellows in our prisons. Now there are only thirty-five."

The governor did n't pardon all of these men, but he did a good many and had to stand a lot of criticism for it. When, however, in July and August, he started out on his speech-making tour, and called a halt on the pardon hearings, the same papers accused him of being afraid any longer to face the issue. The governor said nothing. He waited until he had a case about which there could

be no question. He had the claim fully investigated and the pardon papers prepared. Then he went to Wausau to address the ten thousand.

"I have been called a good many things," the governor told them, "but never before have I been called a coward. I don't like being called a coward. I *won't* be called a coward. They say I don't dare hold any more pardon hearings. Well, I'm going to show 'em that I dare hold one of those hearings whenever and wherever I choose. I'm going to hold one now, here, on this platform!" The crowd broke into a great cheer. "I am going to consider the case of a Wisconsin boy who fought for his country and came home to languish in the prisons of his native State. And I am going to let you be the judge as to whether or not this boy shall be allowed to go free."

Then he told them the story of the young veteran, of his marching away to war, of his bravery in battle, of his shattered nerves; his unhappy homecoming, his hasty crime, his good behavior, his own repentance, his mother's pleadings. Long before the orator had reached his peroration, weeping thousands jumped to their feet, shouting, "Pardon him, governor! Pardon him!"

"The case of this young hero," the governor cried above tumult, "is just like many others in

which I have exercised executive clemency. I was so sure that your verdict would be the same as mine that I have had the pardon papers prepared—and I'll sign them now."

At the election in November, Blaine of Boscobel received three hundred and thirty-six thousand votes; his opponent a little more than one hundred thousand!

"That's a great record!" I exclaimed.

"What? Mine?" laughed the governor. "That's nothing compared with Calamity's—Calamity Mechthilde De Kol, I mean—why, her record shows twenty-eight pounds of butter in seven days, and if she hadn't been such a delicate feeder—"

"John," put in Mrs. Blaine, sweetly, "Mr. Collins came to see *us*, not our cows."

And I never did hear about Calamity's indigestion.

VII

EPHRAIM MORGAN, A MODEST MAN

OLD Morgan Ap Morgan—the governor says he does n't know what the Ap means, but Jesse Sullivan, his secretary, says it means Morgan of the house of Morgan—was the first man to settle West Virginia. He was, so far as the local Van Loons relate, a man of peace. But David, his son, or nephew, or something like that, took after the Ap side of the house. His specialty was skinning Indians with their own scalping-knives, and tanning their hides in the Virginia sunlight to make the prettiest little red-leather shot-pouches ever seen in those parts.

Ephraim Morgan is part Morgan and part Ap. The Morgan in him kept him on the farm until he was twenty-eight years old, helping his father in the summer-time and teaching school four months in the winter. Four months at twenty-eight dollars a month. That was his only income until he was in his twenty-ninth year.

“Why did you do that?” I asked.

“Well, the pay was rather better than most country boys got, so I kind of stuck to it.”

But after a while the Ap got after him. His father tried to put a sugar coating on a very pilly income by serving as justice of the peace; and he sometimes had cases in which lawyers came from the metropolitan cities of Fairmont and Morgantown. These were big occasions for young Ephraim, who sat with his great legs coiled up on the haircloth sofa, while the famous barristers called on heaven and earth to witness the spotless character of some poor horse-thief. Ephraim took counsel with his Ap, and studied law. He had been practising two months—or, as he expressed it, “been ready to practise”—when the Spanish War broke out. Morgan immediately volunteered. As a buck private he drew \$15.60 a month; as a quartermaster’s sergeant, he drew \$21; and, as a returned soldier, he drew nothing—not even a bonus.

But big, quiet Ephraim Morgan emerged from the war all Ap. As a school-teacher, he had n’t felt that he could afford to marry, but as a practising attorney without any practice, he decided to do so. The success of America and the prolongation of the human race have depended on just such decisions. In 1902 he was a benedict. In 1907 he

was a judge. And now he's the governor.

West Virginia has n't any state-house. The old one burned down; and the new one has n't grown yet. Between times the State does business in a cost-plus affair that looks like the soldier's barracks at Upton or Oglethorpe. You have to shut your eyes and think hard to believe that this paste-board structure is the Capitol of a commonwealth that boasts the largest stogy factory, the largest clothes-pin factory, the largest patent-medicine company, and the deepest well in the world!

The night I arrived in Charleston—it was about six fifteen and very dark—there were just two feeble lights in the great sprawly structure: one in the main corridor, a four-foot alleyway which bisects the building, and one in a single ground-floor window in the right-hand bi-section.

"No, sah!" said the old watchman, who looked as if he might be a veteran of the Liberian revolution, "there ain't nobody home, not dis 'ere time o' night—leastwise, nobody 'less perhaps de guv'nor."

"The governor? Governor Morgan?"

"Yessah!" continued the old darky, leading the way to the crack of light at the end of the corridor, "de guv'nor, he useter be a jedge, but dere's one law he don't respect."

“And what law is that?”

There was a black chuckle somewhere in the darkness. Then my guide concluded:

“One law, yessah! It’s dat eight-hour law—fo’ guv’nors!”

The door was opened by Governor Morgan himself—a tall, ponderously good-looking man. I liked him right away—just on the silhouette.

“Governor,” I said, “I represent the Governor’s Union. And I’ve come all the way from New York to protest against this overtime without pay.”

The big man laughed all over, dislodging two heavy wisps of white hair, which he kept pushing straight back from his round young face. During the days I spent with Governor Morgan at Charleston, in his office and in his home, he never got those two wisps to stay where he put them. They represent, I should say, the two most worrisome problems of his otherwise unruffled life.

The governor did n’t have on a vest; he had obviously slipped on his blue serge coat to answer my knock. He was n’t expecting company and probably did n’t want any; but he was Southern hospitality personified.

“Well,” he said in a big, soft voice, “if you’ve come so far, I can’t turn you away—especially at supper-time!”

Mrs. Morgan proved to be a gentle Southern woman—they still call them ladies in West Virginia!—in a soft blue gown, who presided over the enormous mahogany table in the state dining-room with the grace which we associate with pre-war days.

As Judge Hammond of Fairmont, the only other guest at table, confided to me, the governor's wife was certainly "an elegant lady." In her presence, there was no mistaking the fact that you were sitting in an old Southern mansion; with the aid of a bit of imagination, you could smell the wistaria and the jasmine.

After dinner we sat down in front of the gas-log.

"How 's Isaac now?" the governor inquired.

The judge allowed that Isaac was all right.

"And is Nate Salisbury still teaching school? And does he take his drink of an evening, or wait until Saturday night?"

Ephraim Morgan is genuinely interested in the answers to these questions—that 's the charm of the man!—more interested, I suspect, than he is in the answers to problems of more national importance. He had just come back from the Bar Association meeting at Minneapolis; but his only comment on the sensational Lord Birkenhead was that he was "a lanky, awkward fellow." He thinks, as most

people do, that some of Wisconsin's socialistic theories are "very dangerous affairs."

"The Northwest up there is terrible," he said; "it's in awful shape."

But he has no theories for saving it, and, so far as I could see, little more than a passing tourist's interest in its problems. His chief joy in the trip had been to see how well ex-Ambassador Davis of West Virginia presided over the association meetings.

"There is a man: John W. Davis! He's of opposite politics to me; but of all the men who have been mentioned for the Presidency, he's the best equipped. And," he laughed, "he's also from West Virginia!"

The governor tried to put off on Davis one of his favorite political stories, but I gathered from Judge Hammond's expression and from Mrs. Morgan's that it really happened to the governor himself. They were holding a rally up in Fairmont, near where the governor was born, and, as is the custom, the local talent was filling in pending the arrival of the principal speaker. The presiding officer made a few neat remarks, concluding with: "As Goldsmith says,

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

As the applause died down, the local candidate for the assembly entered the hall. His line of argument followed closely that of the preceding orator; and when some one on the platform nudged him to indicate that the real speaker was arriving outside, he closed hastily but fittingly with the phrase: "As Goldsmith says,

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

On the last twittering hand-claps, the speaker of the evening entered the building. His speech, like the others, abounded in the always popular attacks on wealth; and it was no surprise to the more sophisticated in the audience when he paused dramatically on the brink of his conclusion, and shouted:

"Listen to the words of the immortal Goldsmith—"

He never finished his speech. A gray-bearded old cracker rose from the front row.

"Who is this fellow Goldsmith," he demanded, "and what in hell is he running for?"

The governor did make one serious suggestion which seemed to me to deserve national consideration. He is dry, personally and politically; but he is also a lawyer and a judge, and in the latter



Governor E. F. Morgan of West Virginia and family

capacities, he is distressed to see the federal courts clogged with picayune bootlegging cases.

"Why," he said, "our court-house down here is being turned into a police court. But the remedy is simple enough. The federal judges have authority to appoint commissioners to hear evidence, and they do appoint them right along in bootlegging cases. They must be given authority to empower these commissioners to render verdicts in these cases, and then the whole thing won't have to be tried over again in court."

The governor did n't let *his* court up in Marion County get clogged with unnecessary business. Marion County, by the way, is where the governor met his wife.

"She 'had' me," he explained, with a courtly bow, "because she lived just far enough away not to be on to all my imperfections."

"How far does that have to be, governor?"

"Well, in those days it was about three miles. I reckon now it's a right smart bit further!"

Mrs. Morgan murmured something about having been "on to" him all the time. And Judge Hammond, who seemed to know the facts, allowed that "nothing could stop 'em from being married anyhow—nothing but White Day Creek!" The creek was the dividing line between the townships

in which Alma Bennett and Ephraim Morgan taught the district schools.

"West Virginia is n't like any other place in the world," Governor Morgan volunteered. "It's the most northern of the Southern States and the most southern of the Northern States. My own immediate ancestors fought on the Northern side during the war, so I'm a Republican; but Judge Hammond's fought on the Confederate side and he's a Democrat. Some say, too, that West Virginia is the most eastern of the Western States and the most western of the Eastern States—so that's why you find all kinds of people"—he threw a significant look at his wife and the judge—"yes, Democrats and even Baptists!"

Mrs. Morgan laughed. "Yes," she said, in her slow, soft way, "Ephraim goes to the Methodist Sunday-school, and I go to the Baptist."

I glanced inquiringly at Albert, the Morgans' twelve-year-old son, whose plump little cheeks looked as if he might have a discriminating taste in Sunday-school picnics!

"Albert," said Mrs. Morgan, triumphantly, "goes with his mother."

The Sunday-school is to West Virginia what the saloon used to be, and the movies still are to

other States: the people's rendezvous, the poor man's club, and the rich man's, too. Sunday-school work amounts to a dissipation. One fourth of the entire population is engaged in it. The barber at the Kanawha Hotel said: "Yes, I know Governor Morgan. He belongs to my Sunday-school class." He said it just as naturally as you might say that a man was French or Republican or white.

"I 'm one of the assistant teachers of my class," said the governor with more personal pride than he had shown over any of his political honors; "but I get out of teaching all I can. I like to sit back."

"You can't 'sit back'—and be governor?" I ventured.

"That 's one thing I don't like about this governor business. I 'm always standing up and telling other people what to do—just as if I knew more than they did. And I don't!"

Ephraim Morgan is that rare thing in politics, a modest man. About his first judgeship, he had said: "I had to be induced." And now I realized that he had had to be "induced" to run for every office he had ever held. "But I was glad I took it," he continued; "the salary was n't much,

only two thousand dollars, but there was a lot of spare time, and I used it to perfect myself in the law. I reckon I needed it, all right."

But if the governor thinks very little of himself, he thinks a whole lot of West Virginia. "I wish you 'd go out into the mining country and see what has been accomplished out there. We had strikes and riots and marches during my first year, but that was due chiefly to our National Guard being shot to pieces by the war. Now we've built up the Guard again, and we don't need it."

I rallied the governor about a great coal State like West Virginia having gas-logs in the fireplaces of its Executive Mansion; but he had an answer. "You forget," he said, "that West Virginia is one of the largest gas-producing States in the Union." He had the figures down hard—something like two hundred billion feet of gas annually. "That's where we get a good part of our State revenue—out of gas and oil and coal. We have what we call a gross sales tax in this State—the only one of its kind, so far as I know—by which the State collects one fifth of one per cent of the business of all other manufacturers and merchants, and two fifths of one per cent on the three natural products I have mentioned."

"Does n't that make the coal, oil, and gas men sore."

"Any kind of tax makes every one sore," he said, "but there is some justice in this one. The coal, oil, and gas that goes out of the State is depleting the State's resources. It's fair that these things should stand a depletion tax."

"Are n't you afraid you'll exhaust the supply of these products, especially coal?"

"Not during my term!" laughed his Excellency. "The State is mining right now more than half as much again as was mined in the whole country in 1880; and yet, at the rate she's going, it'll take two thousand years to use up the supply. Besides," he continued, "West Virginia has a lot of other things besides coal. You think of Kentucky as the Blue Grass State, but we have more blue grass acreage than Kentucky or any other commonwealth. Moreover, we rank at the very top in the percentage of our farms that are free from debt; something like seventy-three per cent, I think. And," he concluded, with an eloquent gesture, "we produce sixty-five per cent of the world's supply of jelly-glasses!"

"How about education?"

The governor's face took on a sudden gravity.

West Virginia is still in the lower half of the list of States when it comes to this important matter, but it is rising fast; and I was interested to know what a teacher-governor and a teacher-governor's wife would have to say about it. Mrs. Morgan is frankly not satisfied—as a teacher or as a mother. She questioned me closely about the Horace Mann and Lincoln Schools in New York—Columbia University's model and experimental schools—and other advanced institutions, which I had seen in my travels. But she shook her head over some of their extreme methods.

“Some of us,” she said, in her sweet Southern manner, “still think that the old ways are the best ways.”

“But *you* don't?” I could see that she was refraining from expressing her real opinion.

“Well, you see,” she answered, “the people have elected a man to look after those things; and if I said anything I might seem to be criticizing our own administration.”

The governor was more outspoken and more hopeful. “Fifty years ago we had less than four hundred teachers. Now we have twelve thousand teachers, and we spend twenty-two millions. That's not so bad for a State that's only two hundred miles long! Why, when I taught school

only a few years ago, the salary was twenty-eight dollars a month for four months. Now it's a hundred and twenty-eight for eight months. More than fifty cents out of every dollar in taxes is going for education, and I hope before long it'll be more."

Mrs. Morgan, as you may have guessed, is a less vigorous person than her big husband. She is not opposed to woman's participation in public life:

"I always thought it was all right, if only they would n't run for office!"

The governor, on the other hand, told with some pride of his own participation in the suffrage fight and of the presence of a "lady" in the present legislature. Even Mrs. Morgan approved of several "lady school supervisors," especially of one in the home county, who was a Democrat but a "very nice lady." And they both attribute the governor's election in large part to the women.

"They were better organized in West Virginia than the men," he said, "and I happened to be the first candidate they'd had a chance to support."

The Morgans do not take their politics very hard; and they seem to draw their friends almost equally from the two great parties. In fact, several Democrats told me that the governor had more friends in their party than in his own. The fig-

ures seem to bear out this contention, for the governor's plurality in a three-cornered fight was the largest ever given to a governor of West Virginia.

The next morning, in the governor's office, I saw quite another side of his character. His desk, as I entered, was crowded with telegraph blanks, partly scribbled with vigorous pencilings. Some news agency up East had wired for his opinion as to whether Controller Charles L. Craig of New York should be sent to jail for contempt of a federal judge. Governor Morgan did n't know. That was why he was having such a hard time phrasing his reply. He did n't want to say "Yes," because he did n't know the facts and might be doing Craig an injustice; and he did n't want to say "No," because he most emphatically believed that if the controller of a great city like New York had done something for which an ordinary citizen would be punished, the controller ought to be punished, too. And a little more severely—because he ought to have known better.

The governor had a strange case in his own State, which concerned Herr Wiedfeldt, he of the unlowered flag, and a traffic policeman who pinched him for speeding. The German ambas-

sador was very much disturbed; and he wrote to Mr. Charles Evans Hughes to say so. Here is the official translation:

Mr. Secretary of State:

On Sunday, the 2d of September, I went for an automobile drive in my own automobile with members of the Embassy, Dr. Dieckhoff, Counselor to the Embassy, Dr. Johannes Jantzen, Mrs. Jantzen, and Vice Consul Dr. Baer. We passed the town of Bolivar near Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, at 9:20 A.M. I drove the car myself at about twenty-five to thirty miles outside of the town of Bolivar and slowed down to twenty miles in the town. As the street mounted and was quite empty, there being therefore no danger, I did not slow down to fifteen miles. Suddenly, a policeman who until then had not appeared called to me to stop. This I did directly. He asked me if I had not seen the sign, "Speed Limit Fifteen Miles." I replied that I had and gave him the explanation mentioned. The officer said that that did not mean anything, and that I should have to pay a fine of \$5.60. . . . I would esteem it a favor if Your Excellency were kind enough to draw the attention of the competent authorities to this case in order to bring about the admonition of the culpable police officer and to cause the reimbursement of the fine imposed upon me.

Accept, Excellency, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration.

O. WIEDFELDT.

There's a decree of some historic League of Nations—or maybe it's just a decree of Providence!—that protects an ambassador's body from constables just as it protects his bottle from Volsteads. So the secretary did his duty, and passed Herr Wiedfeldt's hard-luck story along to Governor Morgan in the little old wooden building at Charleston. But if the German ambassador had known as much as you and I do about the Morgans of West Virginia, he would never have gone back for his five sixty!

Stripped of the official verbiage and respectful assurance at the front and rear, this was what the governor said in reply:

Dear Mr. Secretary: . . .

I deeply regret the incident and will request that the deposit be returned.

I note from the report of the Ambassador that he is anxious that the "culpable police officer be admonished."

I would most respectfully suggest that the innocent action of an untutored policeman is less deserving of admonishment than the wilful defiance of a lawful speed regulation by such an important person as an Ambassador. . . .

Very respectfully yours,
EPHRAIM F. MORGAN,
Governor.

If any one could press this modest Southern gentleman hard enough to make him talk seriously about himself, he would probably say that the above is just about his code.

He treats them all the same way from the German ambassador to Mother Jones. The latter, who has led the miners in many a bitter fight, never comes to Charleston nowadays without dropping in upon the governor for a social chat.

"This man," she said, "is the first governor of West Virginia in twenty years that I have been able to get in to speak to."

The remarkable old lady was filling the governor's little room with an oration to the effect that after all Uncle Sam was bigger than any individual.

"I wish," laughed the governor, "you'd talk like that when you get up in Mingo County."

"I will," replied Mother Jones, with a wise wink, "but not just the same way. I'll have to cuss 'em a little up there!"

Mother Jones's presence in Governor Morgan's office surprised me. Back East the wise ones seemed to think that Judge Morgan was definitely on the operators' side of the West Virginia coal battle. Some even said that he had been placed in his present situation by the coal barons for the purpose of crushing the laboring man and continu-

ing feudal conditions in the little mountain State. Perhaps, these things *were* true. Morgan certainly cleaned up the State. And he did not hesitate to call on Uncle Sam to help him do it. But to-day the mines are working; and so are the miners.

And—

The governor who called out the troops is sitting in his simple office at Charleston shaking with laughter at the witty sayings of the aged heroine of the marching strikers.

That's Ephraim Morgan, a modest man.

VIII

NESTOS FROM NORWAY

“EXCUSE me, doc!” exclaimed the North Dakota chambermaid, as she grabbed her tin pail and bulging carpet-sweeper and scuttled out of my hotel sick-room.

But the bedside manner, which had so impressed this simple maiden, belonged to no doctor—at least, to no doctor skilled in the mysteries of *materia medica*. It belonged to Governor Ragnvald A. Nestos, who had journeyed all the way across the snow-covered wheat-fields from Bismarck to Fargo to try to make a grippy visitor a little less grippy and homesick.

During the past weeks I had learned to look on governors unawed. I had lunched and supped and breakfasted with them; motored and canoed and movied with them. I had teaed with their wives and romped with their children and their dogs. But here was the first governor I had ever visited in pajamas. My own pajamas, I mean!

Nestos is a room-filling individual, big-bodied

and big-spirited, deep of voice and high of forehead, broad at the eyebrows and the chest; a pink man, healthy, happy, handsome, and a bachelor! When he sits on a chair he obliterates it: he throws back his great shoulders, spreads his elbows and knees, settles and solidifies as if he were a statue in the park. He looks like Henry Ward Beecher with a touch of Barnum and a clout or two of John L. Sullivan. He is Paul Whiteman with a Babe Ruth punch. He is an American viking.

Or, rather, a viking American; for he told me that he received his first lessons in Americanism from his sturdy old father in the Norse mountains—Andres A. Nestaas, farmer and lay preacher, who taught his son the two great lessons he had learned from his own life: work and religion. Only in midsummer, when the cattle—not the children!—were taken to the mountains for their health, did Ragnvald emerge from this grim religious atmosphere. The family's modest chalet stood near a mirrored lake well filled with mountain trout; and between turns at herding and berrying, the younger Nestaas took to fishing—the one woodsy pleasure that he still indulges on the banks of the Red River of the North.

The Nestaases were busy folk, what with their farm about seventy miles east of Bergen, and

their cattle, and their ten children; but never too busy to hold family devotions at both ends of the short Norwegian days. The school facilities of the little town of Voss were also limited, but not too limited to allow two hours each day for instruction in "Bible history, catechism, and explanation."

"It has since been my lot," said the governor, "to be a superintendent of a Lutheran Sunday-school for eighteen years. I don't know what I should have done—if I had n't started in early on my Bible lessons."

The governor did n't say so, but he might have added that it had also "been his lot" to be the most prominent Lutheran layman in the Northwest, active for many years in the denomination's work for young people, and a tower of Scandinavian strength to the North Dakota Y. M. C. A.

For all this unselfish service, the people of his State can thank those early days in the Christian home of Andres and Herborg Nestaas and those long hours of Bible history, catechism, and explanation.

But those days and hours could not go on forever. The youthful "R. A." had a relative—as Norwegians sometimes do!—an Anglicized Nestaas who had become Nestoss, and had journeyed

all the way from Bergen, Norway, to Buxton, North Dakota: a hegira which is frankly inexplicable to one who has been in both Bergen and Buxton. But he had money, had this Buxton Nestoss—at least enough to finance a third-class ticket on the good ship *Prince*—and R. A. borrowed it. This was the first credit operation of the man who has done so much to put North Dakota back on its financial feet; and it won for him a memorable journey across England to Liverpool, thirteen days of smelliness in the steerage of the tiny ship, and an eighty-five-cent surplus when he arrived in Philadelphia.

Eighty-five cents—and in Philadelphia, where nothing is free except the Liberty Bell. But, fortunately, the sixteen-year-old lad did not need to choose between the Bellevue-Stratford and the Ritz!

“When I left home,” the governor told me, “the folks had provided me with one new suit, which was packed in my immigrant chest, and a lunch of hardtack and butter which my mother had put up for my use on the railway journey from Philadelphia to North Dakota. The butter was in one of the wooden containers used in Norway.

“When I landed in Philadelphia and the chest



Governor Ragnvald A. Nestos of North Dakota

was opened for the inspection of the customs officials, I discovered that the cover had come off the butter container, and that apparently everything in the trunk except the hardtack seemed to have been thoroughly buttered."

"And the new suit?"

"Ruined!"

"And then?"

The governor smiled as his memory went back to that first day on the dock in Philadelphia.

"In the large room," he continued, "where the customs inspection was made, and where we spent several hours waiting for the freight-train which should take us into the Golden West, there were long counters with many eatables and delicacies stacked upon them. I was hungry after the wretched steerage fare; and, with the other immigrants, I gazed longingly at these strange viands, the like of which I had never seen before.

"There were tall glasses of milk, and beside them some triangular pieces, new to most of us, called 'apple-pies'; but upon discovering that the combination cost fifteen cents, I concluded that with my total store of cash—only eighty-five cents—I could not afford to invest that much at one time. So I compromised by purchasing, for a

nickel, three long yellow things which I was assured were eatable and very good. But after taking a bite or two, I decided that they were n't what had been claimed for them. So I gave the bananas away—and that,” he added with a laugh, “was long before I'd heard the song!”

“How did you have the courage,” I said to him, “at your age to come so far?”

“The Norwegian part of the journey was the hard part,” he replied. “It was my first trip away from home and the first time I had ever been in so large a city as Bergen. Everything was new and wonderful to me, but rather terrifying. It was the year of the Chicago World's Fair, and there had been built in Norway a duplicate of the viking ship in which my fellow-countryman, Leif Ericson, in the year 1000, sailed across the Atlantic and discovered America.

“Seeing this boat in Bergen made a profound impression upon me. I was still sad and heart-sick on account of bidding farewell to mother and home and with the thought of the uncertainties and dangers of the journey; but I now felt that if Leif the Lucky, as he was called, had made the adventure in this small open boat, surely I could make the trip filled with hope, courage, and optimism. So I had the courage to start across the

North Sea to England to take passage for my new country.

"From that moment, I think I was an American. Or perhaps it was from the other day in Liverpool when I saw the Stars and Stripes flying from the mast of the small American Line ship on which I was to make my journey to the land of my dreams. I realized that this was to be my flag, that under its folds I would make my home and carve out my career!"

"And when you finally saw America," I asked, "what did you think of it?"

"I was glad to get here," he said simply.

"Why?"

"Because I knew that in America I could earn my way through school."

An education! That was what "the land of my dreams" meant to the sixteen-year-old Scandinavian circle-top.

When at last young Nestos arrived in Buxton and found a Fourth of July celebration in noisy progress, his buttery pockets contained just one lone nickel—not enough, as any American youngster knows, to buy a pin-wheel or a Roman candle. So he wisely invested his all in a box of caps, and thus effected a part-time lodgement on his Buxton cousin's pistol.

The next day, July 5, he started from scratch to pay back the loan to Uncle Nestoss—and to earn that American education!

He earned it: in the summer, by farm work for old Budd Reeve, “the sage of Buxton”; in the winter, by doing chores during the week, and by working in his uncle’s harness shop on Saturdays. He saved his money that first summer—seventy-five cents a day for haying, a dollar and a quarter for harvesting and threshing!—and was able to pay back part of the sum he owed for his ticket and to get a new pair of trousers. Then, with a clean suit and a clear conscience, but still *with no knowledge of the English tongue*, the boy was ready for school.

“I remember my glow of pleasure and pride,” said the governor, “when, after a rather halting participation in my first debate, the school superintendent, Professor McDonald, took me aside and told me that if I would persist he felt sure that some day I would do well as a public speaker.

“But at the close of the threshing season in the fall of my second year, I became restless. Incited by the stories of the threshers, who wintered in the lumber woods, I forsook school and went with my companions to Eau Claire, Wisconsin. I spent a couple of months in the lumber camps

near Hawkins. Then I took sick and left for Minneapolis and worked at such odd jobs as could be secured. In January I went back to Buxton and my studies; and in April I took the teacher's examination and taught a term of school near-by."

Less than four years in America—and teaching an American school!

"I don't think I could have been very good," continued the governor, modestly, "for the county superintendent advised me to attend summer school at Mayville Normal—which I did."

And so it went: summers of canvassing, book-keeping, clerking; winters of studying, debating, waiting on table. At the University of Wisconsin, Nestos added the collection of laundry to his other accomplishments. "Many years later," he said, "one of my Phi Delta Theta fraternity mates asked me if I had spent much time at the frat house when I was at the university. 'Sure, I was there every day,' I replied. And I was—to get the laundry!"

The governor tells a good story, and tells it well; but the best anecdote of his college years came to me from the late President Harding. "One morning, when Nestos was a student at Madison," said the President, "one of his professors made a mistake in calling the roll, and said 'Miss' Nestos instead of 'Mister' Nestos. The young man did

not blush. He did not even hesitate. He arose; and, quoting the words of Lady Macbeth, he said: 'Come, ye spirits of the air, and unsex me here.' ” The governor may not have blushed then, but he does now, when he admits the truth of the Presidential story.

The summer before his graduation, the now thoroughly Americanized Norseman—his name shortened to Nestos—revisited his parents' home in the mountains of Norway, cutting hay with the old scythe and herding cattle in the old mountains. Incidentally, he toured England, France, Belgium, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden—with the result that when he came to run for the United States Senate in 1916 he knew more about world conditions and problems than most of the alleged wise men sitting in that body. Though running independently and in his first state-wide campaign, Nestos finished a close second in a field of four, and demonstrated his vote-winning qualifications so conclusively that when the Republicans and Democrats united in a last desperate effort to break the hold of the Communistic Non-partizan League on the government at Bismarck, he was the unanimous choice of the combined convention to make the fight against Governor Frazier.

That election was a close one. The League had

a firm hold on the regular political machinery; and North Dakota, being long and wide and not very thick, takes a long time to report its ballot-box findings.

"The governor-elect sat in his law-office overlooking Main Street," said a fellow-member of the Minot Rotary Club. "An immense crowd of admirers had gathered on the streets below. One of his supporters had led a goat (the Non-partizan League goat) all the way across the prairies from the little village of Douglas, thirty-five miles distant, to head the procession in the most spectacular celebration of its kind ever seen in the West. The crowd was waiting for the signal to start the festivities.

"'Do you think it is safe to send it?' the governor-elect inquired, as he handed a cablegram to his law partner, which was to flash the news of his victory to his aged mother, who awaited the results in her little mountain home in far-away Norway."

Nestos's campaign for the governorship had been characteristic of the man. He was opposed to the communistic schemes of the League, the state-owned grain elevator and flour-mill and the state-owned bank; but he realized that the taxpayers' money had already been invested in these

half-completed enterprises, and that it would be irretrievably lost if, in the event of his election, he abandoned all these undertakings. So he said to the voters in effect:

"I don't believe in these things, but I do believe in carrying out the will of the people. You have decided that you want to try these experiments. Vote for me, and I will see that they get a fair trial. I will cut out all graft. I will put the bank on a business basis. I will get the money necessary to finish the elevator and the flour-mill. And I will hire the best men in the country, inside or outside of North Dakota and without regard to politics, to run these institutions. I will give your ideas a square deal."

They believed him. They elected and re-elected him. He has eliminated the unnecessary extravagance in the conduct of the bank; and he is milling a very good brand of flour in the state-owned mill.

When I last talked with him, he had just come from a thorough inspection of the flour-mill at Grand Forks. "Of course," he said, "we are still losing money, but it's too early to give a final opinion. Our flour is excellent, and selling better all the time."

Meanwhile, North Dakotans stand amazed at

the spectacle of this hard-headed, conservative, anti-League governor solemnly conducting the most radical experiments in community ownership which have ever received the indorsement of an American electorate. What the result will be, nobody knows. But one thing is certain: Nestos will do what he thinks is his duty. He believes in Bible stories coming true!

In fact, the way the governor got the nomination to his present office is as much of a Bible story as anything he had ever told his Sunday-school at Minot. It was a clear case of recovering bread cast upon the waters of duty. Nestos had been a candidate for the anti-League nomination in 1919, and been defeated. His friends thought he was the logical choice in 1920. But the leaders selected a brilliant young Irishman named O'Connor. Just as the campaign was beginning, Nestos received a hurry call to his mother's bedside in Norway. As he was sailing, some of his political advisers drew him aside, and said:

"R. A., this is Providence. Don't hurry back. Stay until after the election. Let O'Connor take his licking. Then you'll be the sure-fire candidate next year."

Nestos looked his advisers squarely in the eyes and told them that, life and death permitting, he

would be back in the fall to do what he thought was right. "But," said Nestos, "these shrewd political friends of mine nearly had their way. I arrived in Norway to find my mother much improved. So far as my own affairs were concerned, I could return at once; but the steamship companies intervened. They told me I could n't get passage until so late that I would not arrive in North Dakota until after the election. I knew that even my own friends would think that I was pulling a smart political trick. I did n't care for that kind of reputation. I determined not to deserve it. I wired every steamship office in Europe. I tried first class. Nothing doing. I tried second class. Still nothing. The last sailing day approached. Some one told me I could get a *steerage* berth on the *Mauretania*. So I said to myself:

"'Nestos, you've traveled steerage before; I guess you can do it again.'

"And I did, arriving home in time to go on record in favor of O'Connor's election and to do all in my power to aid his brave but hopeless fight.

"The next spring there were six avowed candidates for governor, and a number of receptive ones. But at seven o'clock, when the convention came to order, the man who caught the chairman's eye was the young Irishman, J. F. T. O'Connor.

And, in a speech which was not only the most eloquent ever delivered in the Dakotas but one of the most eloquent in the long history of political conventions, O'Connor told the story of my second trip in the steerage—and, well, you know the rest.”

“The rest” consisted of six hundred cheering men jumping to their feet and nominating Ragnvald A. Nestos for governor of North Dakota.

“The best part of that story,” the governor concluded, “was in one of the local journals the next day. ‘The orator was so eloquent,’ the paper said, ‘that he actually deprived the delegates of their senses. They immediately chose R. A. Nestos by acclamation.’ ”

The governor shook his great sides until I despaired of the safety of the hotel chair.

“That convention,” he concluded, “was held in the spring of 1921, but I always say that I was really nominated in the fall of 1920.”

“In the steerage of the *Mauretania*?”

“Yes,” laughed the big governor, “on my second immigration to America.”

I looked at the clean-cut, well-groomed, prosperous American citizen, his hands clasped over his well-filled gubernatorial stomach, and his sturdy body warm and snug under its coat of pepper and salt; I listened to his rich, modulated

voice speaking without effort the difficult language of his adopted land; and I thought of that little immigrant boy with the nickel in his pocket and the stains of melted butter on his one good suit of Scandinavian shorts—*but* with his mind fixed on that education he had come so far to earn. On that memorable trip from Philadelphia to Buxton, in the shaky blackness of the box-car, he had been America-deaf, America-dumb, America-blind. In four years, he was teaching an American school. In twenty years, he was governor of an American commonwealth.

No wonder Nestos believes in Bible stories coming true. No wonder he pores over the “inspirational literature of Marden and his group.” Why should n’t he? His life has *been* a Bible story; and throughout the great Northwest it is an inspiration. I don’t know how you feel about it, but a man who will travel steerage *once*—with eighty-five cents and a hunk of hardtack—and will do it *again*, after many years and many honors, to keep his word and help a friend—well, that man can have a niche in my Hall of Fame!

IX

WORKING HARD WITH RITCHIE

“**Y**OU ’RE having a stupid time,” said Governor Ritchie compassionately, “but you have nothing on me. I’m having a stupid time, too.”

As a matter of fact, we were both having a splendid time: the governor because he was working, and I because I was loafing. I had settled gratefully into the lowest of the leather-covered arm-chairs—I have never given up hope of finding a really comfortable one with a broken spring! And was looking lazily out over the low roofs of the old colonial town, past the golden dome of the Naval Academy, to the sunny blue waters of Chesapeake Bay. All about was history. The Capitol building in which we sat was the sacred place in which General George Washington gave up his commission as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary armies. The Senate Chamber on the floor below remained as Washington had left it; and the view from the Capitol windows retained many of its ancient aspects. For the great mad world, in

its rush from Baltimore to Washington, has left the little town of Annapolis un-railroaded and untouched.

All this was in colorful contrast to the brisk, busy room in which I now sat, and to the brisk, busy man who dominated it. He was tall, straight, vigorously impressive: a gray-haired John Barrymore with eye-glasses; or rather John Barrymore as he might have looked if he had gone in for real estate or automobiles instead of Shakspeare. He moved quickly and spoke brightly, as if he were in the advertising business. A little too handsome, a little too slim-waisted—and much too busy. But in spite of all these things I liked him.

Ritchie had been clearing his desk for gubernatorial action. And now I caught him in the ultra-modern act of pressing a button.

"The legislature adjourned last night," the governor said by way of explanation. "I have four hundred-odd bills before me which must be signed or vetoed between now and Monday."

"And you wish I were in South Bend or Kalamazoo?"

"Not at all—if you don't mind having a stupid time. I just wished to explain that I had been dividing these bills by counties and departments

—and expect to spend the day and most of the night listening to reports.”

“All right,” I answered. “I’m ready to hear the first report.”

“Good for you!” exclaimed Ritchie. And then to his secretary, who had answered the bell, “Please tell Judge So-and-so that I am ready to see him.”

The judge, a thoroughly likable youngish man, brought in a bunch of bills that included everything from soldiers’ relief to licensing dogs. The governor began with the soldiers.

“Twenty-five thousand dollars for taking care of wounded veterans! There,” he said, turning to me, “is something a governor is frequently up against. I can’t veto this bill. I can’t refuse to spend the people’s money to help disabled soldiers. But what good will twenty-five thousand dollars do?

“And here’s a bill for exterminating mosquitos. The State has n’t any machinery for that work, nor any money. I’m not sure that it has any right. And yet, when I veto such a measure, I go on record as an enemy of the health of the community.

“But,” said the governor, cheerfully, “things

might be worse. This same chap also wants us to license dogs. Maybe, if we can't give him his mosquitos, we can let him have his dogs. And, anyhow, we're a lot better off than if he'd asked us to exterminate dogs and license mosquitos!"

The governor's smile changes him utterly. Without it he is a handsome man; but his assortment of features is so conventionally perfect that he is in danger of approaching the Gibson man, healthily bronzed, and grayed a little by late hours and hard work. With the smile, he is just as good-looking—and a lot more human. The heavy, dark eyebrows jazz about merrily; the Grecian nose unbends; and the pinch goes out of the pince-nez! I wished that he would keep right on smiling.

But—

The telephone rang. "Yes, this is Ritchie talking. Oh, yes. But don't bring a gang with you. I'd rather you'd come by yourself and tell me about it. I want to understand the bill—talk about it across the table—not listen to a lot of speeches." A short pause; and a long laugh. "Of course. I'll be glad to hear you make a speech some other time. And, by the way, I'll have to notify the other side, and give them a



Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland and his mother

chance. Oh, yes, I'll have to do that. Monday. Nine o'clock. Good-by."

The judge and the governor agreed on most of the bills, the latter anticipating, in many cases, his adviser's description of the proposed laws and his verdict in regard to them.

"I don't know whether there is a joker in this one or not," said the judge, as he handed over the last of his blue documents and moved toward the door.

"I guess there is n't," Ritchie replied, shaking hands with his friend, "or you'd know it. But I'll read it again to make sure."

"Do you want Mr. So-and-so in here?" interrupted the Governor's secretary.

"I don't," replied the governor, "but if you can stand him, I can."

On this invitation, a mustachioed young pouter bowed himself into the room.

"I have n't been able to make a report on that bill as yet," he began pompously; "I am not familiar with the law which it is designed to amend."

"I am," replied the governor, rising with a brisk motion and walking straight to a calf-bound volume on an upper shelf. He handed him the book.

"Here's the law. What I want to know about is the amendment."

As the important young man tucked the volume under his arm and slunk back to his uncompleted task, I "could scarce forbear to cheer"; but I remembered my host's own words, "if you can stand him, I can," and contented myself with mumbling something about a governor's having to know everything.

"Absolutely!" laughed Ritchie, pulling a long handwritten letter out of his correspondence basket; "here is a fellow who begins: 'I would like to know briefly'—you get that '*briefly!*'—'how I can relieve myself of the intolerable burden of taxation.' I don't know why people pick on me to answer their questions—unless they're like that old dark cloud of Irvin Cobb's. You remember how, one morning after a hard rainstorm in southern Georgia, Cobb was walking along the road and saw an old negro named Henry sitting in an easy-chair by his kitchen door, fishing in a small puddle of water that had formed there during the night.

"'Henry, you old fool,' said Cobb, 'what are you doing there?'"

"'Boss,' said Henry, 'I'se jes' fishin' a little.'"

"'Well, don't you know there are no fish there?' demanded Cobb.

“‘Yas, suh,’ said Henry, ‘I knows dat but dis yere place is so handy!’

“That ’s what I am,” concluded the governor, shoving the letter back in the basket, “*handy!*”

“Do you answer letters like that?”

“I answer everything.”

His secretary told me afterward that this was literally true. Every letter addressed to the governor of Maryland, no matter if it is on the most insignificant subject, goes on Albert Ritchie’s desk.

All this takes time. The governor is early on the job. He never eats lunch. He works right through until seven.

He is back in his office five nights a week. He sticks there until ten or twelve. Then he goes back to the Executive Mansion and *really* works. The neighbors say they see lights in his room until two and three. Those who assist him in his most crowded periods—like bill-signing and budget-making time—say that he is just as alert at three in the morning, just as thorough in running down details, as most men are at ten or eleven in the forenoon.

“Night is the only time you can work around here,” was the governor’s own defense of his late hours. The “around here” struck me as funny; for there was mighty little going on in that quiet

town except the things Al Ritchie himself stirred up!

"Excuse me a moment," he said, making for the door; "I've got to give the attorney-general something to do."

In my host's absence I had a chance to think over what had happened in the few minutes since I had entered the gubernatorial sanctum. Friendly, understanding contact had been established between the governor and me; a hearing had been set and both sides notified; twenty or more bills had been disposed of finally; a pompous young man had been sent about his business. And it struck me suddenly that the whole procedure was astonishingly free from political "bunk." I could have closed my eyes and believed that I was in Detroit or Chicago—so businesslike was the atmosphere of this political office.

In one of the bookcases I found a copy of "Who's Who" and turned to the R's in that revealing guide to see if I could find in this man's ancestry and experience any reason for his super-devotion to the business of government. He was born in Richmond, Virginia. Certainly there was nothing businesslike about that. His father was a professor and a jurist; his mother a Cabell of Richmond. Obviously the governor did not

come of commercial forebears. And he himself, apart from the practice of law, has had no unusual business training. There was, however, a long record of public service: assistant city solicitor of Baltimore, people's counsel to the Public Service Commission, attorney-general of Maryland, general counsel to the United States War Industries Board, and, since November, 1919, governor of Maryland.

One thing was translucently clear: this man, Albert Cabell Ritchie, who might have made a fortune as a practising lawyer, was unselfishly devoting his earning lifetime to the ill-paid, under-rewarded service of the people.

Tirelessly the governor labored through the hours, seeing more advisers, reading more bills, setting more hearings, dictating more telegrams. Morning blossomed into noon. Noon faded into twilight. The governor—and his guest—remained unfed. At length he looked at his watch and began tidying up his desk for the evening session.

Governor Ritchie lives right across the street from the Capitol in a red-brick Executive Mansion, beautiful in the homely Southern way. Its windows command the sleepy, unchanging town. Its doors, massive and ornate, are emblazoned with a sea of crabs and other Maryland water wonders.

Inside, the house is very fine. The great central hall rises impressively four stories to the roof, its walls softened and beautified by a gracefully curving staircase—solid and dignified like the house itself.

I ventured to rally my good-looking host on his failure to provide so beautiful a mansion with an equally beautiful mistress.

“Wait,” he said, simply, “until you see my mother.”

As we walked through the lofty hall, a sweet, solicitous voice floated out to us from the warmly cozy sitting-room.

“Had a hard day, Albert?”

The governor did n’t seem to think that he had had a hard day; though I admit that the luncheonless job of watching him work had exhausted me utterly.

Mrs. Ritchie is the story-book type of Southern mother, old-fashioned in comparison with the bobbed-haired and bobbed-skirted grandmothers to whom we are becoming accustomed; but young—immeasurably younger than her son. Indeed, the mother is a big factor in the son’s popularity with the Maryland electorate.

Of this popularity, there is no doubt. “Albert is the only man in the history of the State,” the

little old lady proudly informed me, "who has been elected twice to the governorship."

"That was n't the other governors' fault, mother," explained Albert; and then, to me: "You see, the bosses dictate the nominations. But after the governors get in, they invariably break with the bosses. Then, of course, the bosses break with them. And there you are!"

"You broke with them, too, Albert," insisted loyal Mrs. Ritchie, "only you were strong enough to beat them."

"They were getting old," said Albert, modestly.

At dinner, conversation turned, as conversations sometimes do, to the subject of prohibition. And the governor told with much relish some of his experiences with the Eighteenth Amendment. Ritchie belongs to that group of governors which does not believe that the State should assume responsibility for enforcing the federal prohibition law.

This attitude has got him into a good deal of trouble with the professional reformers, and, conversely, draws a lot of unsolicited and sometimes embarrassing gratitude from the other side.

As the governor sat chatting at his mother's table, he looked less like a business man and more like a boy. Somewhere along the way from his office to his home, he had shed about twenty years

—which was a good thing, for there was no place for anything so crude as maturity in the presence of his youthful Southern mother.

After dinner Mrs. Ritchie crowned her many other hospitalities by taking me up-stairs and showing me pictures of “her boy.” When I protested at her running up and down the stairs, she said: “It ’s no trouble. This staircase was made right. It looks right, and it feels right.”

On the second floor there is a fine billiard-room completely equipped. I asked if the governor played.

“No,” she said, “he just works. And I fear”—she leaned over and whispered it as if it were a great secret—“*I fear he likes it.*”

Next door to the governor’s room is a spacious guest-chamber with a broad, canopied bed. “There,” said Mrs. Ritchie, hospitably, “is where you ’ll sleep the night.”

Later, when I had regretfully declined the urgings of both mother and son, Mrs. Ritchie insisted on coming to the front door to instruct the old colored butler that he should go with me to the street corner to see that I caught the Washington car.

“That ’s all right, mother,” said her son, pulling on his long coat; “I ’m attending to that, myself.”

At the corner, the governor said:

"You 're sure you won't stay?"

"I can't."

"I 'm sorry."

He paused—a rather lonely figure in the half-light of the little town.

"If you 'll stay," he said, almost diffidently, "I—I won't go back to the Capitol. *I 'll take a night off.*"

In the dimly lit, crowded trolley, my thoughts went back to the peaceful, thoroughbred home which I had just left; to that mother and son who were themselves such high examples of the true aristocracy of birth and breeding.

Noblesse oblige! That is the lesson to be learned from this mother and son—from these Ritchies of Maryland.

X

PAT AND HIS HAT

You 'd never think I 'd take a drink.

I have n't.

You 'd never think I 'd take a smoke.

I have n't.

You 'd never think I 'd shoot a gun.

I have n't.

You 'd never think I 'd bait a hook.

I have n't.

You 'd never think I 'd any fun.

I have n't.

THIS—according to his enemies—was Pat Neff's battle song. His "Madelon." His "Tipperary." The opposition papers pictured him in curls and ruffles. The opposition orators called him sissy and mollycoddle. The political wits tried to laugh him out of the governorship. And Pat sat tight.

"The first two charges were true," he told me, as we walked under the shade-trees from the Capitol to the governor's mansion. "I don't smoke. And I don't drink. Not even coffee or tea. Just water

and milk. But I had n't thought of making political capital of the fact. However, when I found my enemies were doing it for me, I did n't try to stop 'em."

Pat Neff's friends were not equally philosophic. Those who had grown up with Pat in the primitive pioneer life of Coryell County knew that Pat was no sissy. Those who had fought side by side with him in his six-year clean-up as prosecuting attorney of McLennan County knew that he was no mollycoddle. So they started out to prove that Pat Neff was a he-man.

Their methods were typically Texan. They would invite Pat to spend the week-end, stick a gun in his hand, lean him up against a hunting-dog, and click the cameras at him. Or they would take him for a walk in the country along the banks of some chattering brook, dangle a worm in front of him, and make him fish. The next day the Neff papers would show their hero shooting big game and hooking man-eating whales!

The reaction set in. In the popular imagination Pat Neff became the Wild Man from Waco. He jumped clean out of his ruffles into his corduroys. When they initiated him as a Shriner, they walked him through the streets with a fishing-rod and a shot-gun. The camera had made Pat Neff suf-

ficiently ferocious to satisfy even the Texas electorate.

Then there was Pat's hat: the one he wore East to the governors' convention; the one he gave to Gifford Pinchot; the one that put the crowning touch—I almost said the last straw!—on Pat Neff's Wild West reputation. And all because of Mrs. Pinchot's taste in masculine millinery.

"Governor Neff," said that vigorous lady, "your hat would look better on Pinchot than it does on you—and much better than Pinchot's does on him."

Pat looked at his hat: black and strong, soft of crown, and broad of brim. Pat had worn the model for thirty years. It was the kind eastern politicians wear around election time; the kind Texas politicians—and the six or seven Texans who are not in politics—wear *all* the time. And then he looked at Pinchot's hat.

"Mrs. Pinchot," he said, "when I get home, I'll send you this hat—on one condition."

"What's that?" she asked.

"That you make your husband wear it to the Republican national convention."

Several days later Mrs. Pinchot got the hat. That afternoon Gifford told the reporters about it. And the next morning every newspaper north of the Rio Grande referred to "Pat Neff, the cow-

boy governor, who gave his big black hat to Gifford Pinchot." Thousands of American citizens who had never heard of Sam Houston or Davy Crockett knew about Pat—and his hat. Pat Neff, the Wild Man from Waco!

As I walked up the broad steps of the most imposing state Capitol I have yet seen, I had this popular impression of Governor Neff in the forefront of my mind. And then—I found myself shaking hands with a tall, fine-featured, iron-gray man of culture, dignity, and charm, a man who might have been the president of a New England university.

Not that there is anything of the Boston high-brow about Neff. He's Texan, all right: the lank, rangy body, big-shouldered and small-hipped; the thick, wind-blown hair; the beady eyes accustomed to see great distances; the soft, flowing voice with a sigh in it; the almost graceful awkwardness of those long-armed, long-legged, ax-swinging, pony-straddling Texan pioneers.

"Fed on six-shooters and bell-spurs," laughed the governor when I told him of my fears, "and reared on bear's milk—that's what some people seem to think about us Texans. Now, *we* think we have a pretty fine State."

"Now, *we* think" is what a Texan invariably

says when he's about to begin an oration on the past, present, and future bigness of the Lone Star State. So I settled back and waited. It came, the oration: without table-thumping, without gestures above the head, without raising the soft, velvety tones of the voice, but without missing a flower or a statistic.

"Sir," he said, "do you know Texas?"

I blushinglly admitted that I had traveled along the Southern Pacific from Houston to El Paso.

"Well, sir, out El Paso way you see great stretches of land that look as if they were put there just to hold the world together. But I want you to know that that is a great cattle country; yes, sir, a cattle country. And did you know, sir, that the Angora goats in that section of Texas produce more than half the mohair used in the United States?"

I did n't know that any goat produced any mohair; but I did n't disclose my ignorance to the governor, and he went on.

"But if you really want to see Texas—great stretches of country, I mean—you should go up into the Panhandle part of the State." He rose, and walked over to the huge map on the far wall. "Texas is the Pan; and this upper part is the Handle. You see this place, Hale Center. Well,

I was waiting for the train there one hot summer day when an old Panhandler drove up and began making conversation.

“‘Waitin’ fo’ the train?” he said.

“‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘late, is n’t it?’

“The old man shielded his eyes with his free hand, and took a long look up the track, which extended in a straight, brown line to the horizon.

“‘I reckon it is a bit late,’ the old man decided, looking at his great soda-cracker of a watch; ‘it’s due in an hour—an’ I don’ see it nowhere!’

“People don’t realize,” the governor continued more seriously, “that Texas is bigger than France, bigger even than the old German Empire. Why, we’ve given away enough land to the railroads to make a State the size of Kansas. Millions of acres literally given away!”

“Millions?”

“Why, yes, there are single farms in Texas of a million or more acres. I’ve just been on one. There’s a palace on it that would make Cæsar ashamed of his hut. The owner brought a mural artist from France to decorate the walls.

“This Capitol building—”

“It’s very fine, sir.”

“We think so. We think—well, it was built with the money raised by selling three million

acres of land at a dollar an acre, measured by men mounting ponies and loping off in a straight line, so many lopes to a mile. Part of my job is to get back some of this land, and the other millions we've given away, by resorting to the more scientific surveying methods. We find that the loping system usually resulted in generous overpayments by the State.

"But there's one section of Texas where you can't buy land at a dollar an acre," he continued, his eyes popping with state pride, "and that's the lower Rio Grande Valley. Why, sir, in the last ninety days they've taken out of that fertile valley seven thousand car-loads of garden-truck. I've just been down there—"

"You seem to get about most everywhere."

"I like folks," he said, simply.

He must. Texas folks, at least; for Pat Neff has visited more Texas homes than any man except the tax collector. And he's not a professional politician, either. When he finished law school at the University of Texas, where he went after being graduated from Baylor University, Pat opened a law-office in Waco. He had hardly started when the local leaders got after him and persuaded him to run for the legislature. He did n't want the job; but once on it he did it.



Governor Pat M. Neff of Texas

In fact he was one of three men to attend every roll-call. At thirty, he was speaker; the youngest man who ever presided over the House of Representatives. Then, he quit politics—and went back to law.

But the Wacoites would n't let him alone. They made him prosecuting attorney of McLennan County. He was the first prosecutor in Texas to send a man to jail for permitting gambling on his premises or for selling liquor in prohibition territory. He won 408 out of 422 prosecutions, and collected so many fines and fees that he paid into the public treasury more money in four years than all the other county attorneys of Texas combined. Then he went back to private practice. And stuck to it—until he decided to be governor.

Nobody asked him. Nobody said they'd back him. Nobody knew he was going to run except his wife and his private secretary. He had no campaign manager and no campaign fund. All he did was to back his car out of the shed—and travel. Driving alone, changing his own tires, repairing his own blow-outs, Pat went into thirty counties in Texas where no candidate for governor had ever been. He made over six hundred speeches. And where the town was n't big enough to sport a hall or a church,

he walked into the general store and said: "I'm Pat Neff. I'm a candidate for governor. If you like my ideas, I wish you'd vote for me." Then the storekeeper would invite in a few of his friends; and Neff would talk to them—man to man. And when voting time came they remembered the tall, quiet, honest young lawyer from Waco.

That was four years ago. To-day the only difference of opinion in regard to Pat Neff is whether, when he gets through being governor, he should be elected president of the University of Texas or President of the United States. And this difference would not exist if there was n't a strong element in Texas which considers the former position the higher of the two honors.

The Capitol sits on a knoll at the head of Austin's main street; a big, dignified structure, in the center of wide lawns, which look as if they had just been manicured and brought to a high polish. To my taste, however, the most beautiful building in Austin is the Executive Mansion—in front of which, as we approached, floated the famous Lone Star flag.

"Sam Houston picked this location," the governor explained. "He climbed the hills and drove two wooden stakes. 'Here's where I want the

Baptist Church,' he said, 'and here,' walking across what is now the street in front of the mansion, 'is where I want my house.' The church and the house are still here," concluded Governor Neff, "but things have changed since Houston's day. The church, as you see, is a modern affair; and the house is occupied by a governor instead of a president. When Sam Houston drove his stakes, Texas had not become a State. It was a Republic—and Sam was a president."

Times have changed, but Sam's house must be about as he left it. The hand of man would hesitate to alter so beautiful a structure, a typical old Southern mansion.

And behind a long bed of scarlet zinnias, banked by rows of still more scarlet geraniums, I caught a glimpse of four tame deer and four untamed guinea-hens.

"I put in the guineas," explained the governor, "just to make a fuss and seem like home. But the deer may serve a more practical purpose. You've heard of the fellow who came in empty-handed from a day's shooting and told of seeing a deer climb a tree. And when the neighbors showed they were a bit skeptical, he retorted, 'If you don't believe it, I'll show you the tree.' So,

if they ever revive that yarn about my never shooting anything I'll take 'em out and show 'em the deer!"

The front door was opened by an old darky who looked as if he were built into the house. He beamed on the governor in a way that showed he knew no higher honor than the privilege of taking Pat's hat and ushered us grandly into the spacious center hall. From the long, high rooms on either side came sounds of feminine revelry, the bacchanalian clatter of cup against saucer, the shrill laughter of teaed-up young girls. From the stairs a dozen bobbed-haired, gaily garbed youngsters, freshmen co-eds from the university, descended upon the governor in a chirping chorus of "You remember me, Governor Neff. I'm Gladys So-and-so or Susan What's-This." The governor was pleased, in his most courtly way, to remember them all. He even insisted on giving me what he called a "politician's introduction."

"This is a friend of mine from New York," he said, dragging me out of the shadows. "He wanted to see what the young ladies of Texas looked like, so I said I'd show him, and I told him they'd knock the spots off the New York girls."

In a salvo of delighted giggles, the governor

and I escaped into the main drawing-room, filled, like the hall, with Mrs. Neff's exuberant women guests. "We won't stay here long," Pat confided in a burst of masculine confidence, as we shouldered our way to the state dining-room—and Mrs. Neff.

"This is my part of being governor," said that gracious lady, as she scanned the rooms with a hostess's eye.

Governor and Mrs. Neff were boy and girl sweethearts in the old college days at Baylor, when the first lady of Texas was little Miss Myrtle Manier from Lovelady, and Pat was the lank young school-boy orator from Coryell County. She is slender, graceful, and full of dignified cordiality. The local scribe who wrote that the governor's lady was "gracious in manner, pleasing in physique, and an active worker in the Baptist Church" did scant justice to Mrs. Neff's manifold qualifications for her part of "being governor." I have never been in Lovelady; and I don't know how the Loveladians build their homes. They may make them low and narrow and drab, but one thing is certain: Lovelady's most distinguished daughter moves about her present mansion as if she were to the governor's manor born.

I wish I could have seen Hallie Maud: first be-

cause she has such a nice, Southern name; and second, because she has such a nice Southern room. The governor took me up to see the latter. It and Sam Houston's bed are the show pieces of the house.

Hallie Maud must be a good scout and mighty fond of Pat; for, after completing her work at the University of Texas, she insisted on taking her degree at old Baylor, so that her father, chairman of the Baylor trustees, might sign her graduation certificate. There are n't many girls who would leave Vassar for Bryn Mawr just to win their Dad's John Hancock!

The boy, Pat M. Neff, Jr., had also wisely absented himself from this feminine festivity. He has reached the age where he prefers his ice-cream and his girls in private. And, like his father, he has short shrift for tea-parties.

"Come on," said Pat, Sr.; "let's get out of here." And then he added, quite irrelevantly, "I want to show you the penitentiary."

Among the prisoners, I saw an absolutely new side of Governor Neff—the gray-haired side; for those who know him best say that it is his sense of responsibility for the State's unfortunates which has changed his thick, strong hair from black to iron-gray. His first act, on taking office, was to

abolish the pardon board and to take on his own broad shoulders the burden of hearing and deciding parole appeals. He has granted few pardons. "I usually let 'em die," he said grimly. But, in each case, his sense of compassion has a life-and-death struggle with his sense of justice. The first death-sentence he confirmed nearly put him to bed.

Not content with deciding those cases which come before him because the condemned men have friends active enough to petition for their release, the governor has undertaken to become acquainted personally with those great, bruising colored men, who are too friendless or too ignorant to instigate action in their own behalf. For days at a time, he not only visits jails, but lives in them; not only inspects criminals but associates with them. He knows hundreds of them by name, and by history. And he has discovered some extraordinary cases. In one jail he found a man who had been there for twenty-four years without one black mark against him; so he called the other prisoners around him, and asked them if they did n't think that this man ought to be let go before any one else. The criminals voted unanimously in favor of the model prisoner.

One of Pat's friends—among those of his friends

who are still in jail—is a “buck nigger” of the cabaret type who sets his pleas for mercy to music of his own composition and sings them to the mournful accompaniment of a broken violin. This is his most recent effort:

If I had the guv'nor
Where the guv'nor has me,
I would, befo' mornin',
Set the guv'nor free.

Pat is n't weak or morbid about these fellows. But it is easy to see that his heart goes out to them just the same. In fact, Pat's heart has worn a smooth path between its owner and the world!

I attribute these softer phases of Pat Neff's character, and most of the stronger ones, too, to the dominant influence of his wonderful old mother. During her lifetime, he never let a week go by without visiting her in the old home or wherever she might be. The morning after his election, he was the first to carry to her the good news; and at his inauguration Grandma Neff—as the whole State now called her—sat in her wheel-chair, the most honored guest.

“When the governor came in to take the oath,” an eye-witness told me, “he had to pass right by his mother's chair. When he reached her, he

stopped as naturally as if he were at the old home in Coryell County, leaned over, and kissed her. As he stood on the rostrum with his hand on the Bible, the tears rolled down the old lady's cheeks. The governor looked into her eyes, and tried to smile—but the moment was too much for him; he, too, let fall a tear. Before the ceremony was over, half the audience was crying as if it were a funeral or a wedding.”

Isabella Elenor Shepherd Neff was one of the Texas pioneers. With her young husband, she drove in a light wagon over the dusty roads from old Virginia into the Texan wilderness—where there were no roads at all. With her own hands, she helped to clear a tract along the banks of the Leon River and to build the log cabin in which her nine children were born and reared. For forty years, within the rough-hewn walls of this pioneer home, this “flower in the wilderness,” this woman who “thought thoughts which had never been thought before,” held her sylvan court.

At the age of ninety-one and within six months of the scene in the inauguration chamber, Grandma Neff died—in the Executive Mansion of the great State she had helped to found and in the home of the man whose cradle she had both built and rocked. On her death-bed she expressed the wish

that the old homestead should always belong to "the tall, dark man with the big, black hat."

"Pat," she said, her old eyes swimming with pride, "we got title to that place from the governor of Texas, and I don't see why I should n't just deed it back."

"When I get through being governor," he said, "I'm going back to Coryell County."

"To hang your hat in the old Neff home?"

"Yes," he said, gazing at the big, black sombrero, where it rested on his long knees, "to hang my hat in the old Neff home."

And that's what he'll do—until some day, perhaps, he'll hang it in the White House.

XI

FRIEND RICHARDSON OF CALIFORNIA

DO you remember "graduation"? I do: the hot day, the stuffy room, the perspiring parents; shiny-faced boys in uncomfortable new suits and rubber collars; shiny-eyed girls in weather-defying crimps and crushless muslins; intense young valedictorian; bespectacled elocution teacher, also organist, prompting from behind the bellows; local dominie rising threateningly to "say a few words"; seven lucky graduates gawking past their natural enemy, the school principal; seven flutters in seven families as their well-known names fill the hall; the sad fainting away of Mrs. Jones, whose Willie has failed to make the grade; and—during the singing of the school hymn—the escape of said Willie through the alley at the rear of the school.

They do things differently in California.

I was at Berkeley this summer, one of thirty thousand who cheered two thousand university graduates on their way to Life. From an upper

row of the great white stadium, I looked down on the still waters of San Francisco Bay, stretching in unruffled splendor from Oakland piers to Golden Gate, and up where the long, slim figure of the university campanile pointed inspiringly into the intellectual skies. Never had graduation a more noble setting.

Into the colosseum marched the academic procession: important seniors in caps and gowns, distinguished faculty in flowing robes, imposing president in doctor's purple, portly regents in high hats and frock-coats. And then—in crushed felt and baggy tweed—"the boss," Friend W. Richardson, governor of California.

It is a big day for Friend. He is not a university man. He has never stood in with the high-brow crowd. He is the editor of a small-town newspaper. For years, he has spent his days in the busy editorial office just outside the college gates; and has slept his nights in a little cottage on the side hill to the north of the university campus. He is "town" and not "gown." And now, because he is governor of the State, he is a member of the Board of Regents, a dictator of university policies, a factor in the life behind the gates which life had closed to him.

But what the governor lacks in early schooling he has made up in later reading. The state librarian says he calls for books which have never left the library shelves. And he is a good speaker. His voice carries to the edge of the largest crowd. The governor has a lot to say, and he knows how to say it.

In the university stadium, I expected him—I would expect almost any human being situated as he was—to spread his oratorical wings and strut his intellectual stuff. And this was what he said:

"I am glad to give these diplomas to the fine-looking young people you see before you."

"The shortest speech," confided a veteran Berkeleyite, "that I have ever heard at a university commencement."

And the simplest. He said what was in his heart. And he said no more. That's Friend Richardson.

I saw nothing during my stay at Sacramento, in the governor's office, and in the governor's home, to erase that first impression of genuine, single-minded simplicity; Quaker simplicity.

The Capitol at Sacramento is swanky enough. It rises impressively from a grove of redwoods, magnolias, palms, cypresses, cedars, and pines.

But "No. 7"—that 's the governor's private office on the first floor—is just as simple a business office as can be found in a sky-scraper in New York or an automobile factory in Detroit. It has only two distinguishing characteristics: the number on the door, which should be "113," since it falls between "112" and 114," but which was significantly left at "7" when the other numbers were changed; and the door itself, because it is always open. "No. 7" has always been on that door. The governor, as state printer and treasurer, watched that door for ten years. The numbers on the other doors were changed recently, but he requested that that number remain.

Governor Richardson believes in "7." In the hectic campaign by which he wrenched the nomination from Governor Stephens, Richardson toured the State in his famous old car, "No. 7"; in the following November, when he won his great victory at the general election, he was still at the wheel of "No. 7"; and now, in Sacramento, although the State furnishes its governor with a brand-new touring-car, "License No. 1," the Richardsons, father, mother, and three children, are still "sitting pretty" in good old "No. 7."

Just as "No. 7" is an open car, "No. 7" at the State-house is an open door. "It 's been that way

every day since Governor Richardson 's been here," said a Capitol employee, "except a half-dozen times on account of the draft."

"The governor caught cold?"

"No. The door blew to!"

The result is that anybody can walk in to see the governor of California. And almost everybody does. He is never too busy to stand, feet apart, and hands in the old-fashioned top-pockets of his gray trousers, listening to his office-seeking constituents.

His family joshes the governor a good deal about his personal appearance. Eleven-year-old John told me that his father wore his hair bobbed; and it is not a bad description of the unruly fringe which protrudes from under his slouch hat; sort of a Dutch bob—that 's what it is. And his daughter told me that the trouble with father's clothes was that he "standardized" them; always the same cut of plain blue or banker's gray; always the same nondescript hat; always the same roomy collar.

His own secretary best sums up the *first* impression which his chief makes on you by saying:

"You 'd never think he was the governor."

And his daughter, a shrewd observer as well as a charming hostess, gives in a sentence the *final* impression:

"In the end, father gets 'em!"

As he talks, especially as he becomes interested in one of his favorite topics—economy, for instance—he looks out at you from under extraordinarily heavy eyebrows, and his eyes snap and his brows twitch. He buries superficial crudities under a river of picturesque language which flows from a mountain of facts. Suddenly, you *do* think that he 's the governor, and you understand how it is that in the end he "gets 'em."

"The best way to get elected to anything," said Governor Richardson, "is to keep away from the politicians."

And that is what he has always done. He plays a lone hand. Born of poor Quaker parents, who moved in his infancy from Michigan to the little town of San Bernardino, he began his career by resisting the temptation to become a grocer and choosing journalism instead. The governor can't explain why the grocery obsession possessed him. He finds no precedent for it in the Richardson family. His father was a contractor for artesian wells. Before that, the governor's ancestors were mostly farmers, Michigan farmers. Not that he knows much about his family tree. "I'm a good deal like Mark Twain," he said. "You know Mark did n't take much interest in genealogy. He



Governor and Mrs. Richardson of California and their son
John

started to look back in his own family, but in the first generation he found a horse-thief and in the second a murderer; so he had n't bothered about the third."

Whatever else there had been in the governor's ancestry, there had been no grocers—or, for that matter, no journalists. But there was a paper in San Bernardino which was several thousand dollars in debt and looking around for a pair of broad young shoulders to die on. Friend Richardson had the shoulders, but he was no journalistic undertaker. Instead, he pulled the paper out of debt; published it successfully for about ten years; and then moved with his booming family to the larger town of Berkeley. But those first years in San Bernardino were the grand old days for Friend!

"I went back to the old town not long ago"—the governor swears that he is the original hero of this tale—"and I admit I was kind of looking forward to the reception I'd get from the boys. After all, not so many lads from San Bernardino had become governor; and, leaving me out of it, I could n't help figuring my arrival as something of an event. I did n't expect a brass band, but I did expect a crowd and some enthusiasm. But when I stepped off the train, there was no one

there but old Henry Stone, loading trunks; and Henry did n't say anything; he just kept on loading.

“ ‘Hello, Henry,’ said I.

“ ‘Hello.’

“Henry did n't even look up, so I tried him again:

“ ‘You know who I am, don't you?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘And you know I 'm governor?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘Well, what did the boys say when I was elected governor?’

“ ‘They did n't say nothin'; they just laffed.’ ”

That 's what the politicians did, all the way from Coronado to the Shasta, when they heard that “the old man” was going out after Governor Stephens' scalp and seat. They still regarded Richardson as an accident in politics; and, in a way, he was. Some twenty-odd years ago, he became the president of the state association of small-town newspaper publishers; and that job, which he has held ever since, just about satisfied his political ambitions.

Governor Hiram Johnson had other ideas. He needed a good man for state printer, and he did n't object to the support of the country newspapers; so he drafted Friend Richardson for the place.

He made a political mistake when he tried to press the newspaper publisher to his capacious bosom; for his useful state printer did n't stick to his printing. He got himself elected state treasurer and, from that vantage-point, waged a campaign for governmental economy which carried him ultimately into the Johnsonian chair.

He has practised economy, all right. Even his enemies admit that. But they do not admit that he has practised it wisely. The governor has made some of his biggest cuts at the expense of state normal institutions. He can't touch the public schools themselves, because they are protected by an amendment to the constitution which requires the State to appropriate so much per student; but some of the wisest educators, including one college president with whom I talked, feel that he has gone too far against those institutions which come within his reach.

The governor does n't think so. He is of the little-old-red-school type. It was good enough for him; it's good enough for others. He thinks there are too many frills to this education business, and he does n't mind trimming them a bit. And when the delegations come up to "No. 7" to protest, he tells them what he thinks in the picturesque language for which he is famous,

Outside this one question of the schools—on which public sentiment in California is divided—most people seem to think that Friend Richardson has made a good governor. He won his election without the help of the politicians, and he has managed to run the State without them. When he wants a judge, he does n't ask, "Is he a Republican?" He asks, "Is he a good lawyer?" And he does n't trust his layman's hunch as to the answer to this question. He conducts a plebiscite among the lawyers of the community, and almost invariably appoints the man who gets the highest vote in a canvass of his peers.

His non-political appointments, like many of his other acts, are tough bites for his followers to swallow; but he seems absolutely independent. During the hoof-and-mouth epidemic this last spring, the big agricultural interests brought tremendous pressure to bear on him to call a special session of the legislature to cope with a situation which he felt he could better handle himself. The head of one of the associations, himself a most influential man in California politics, was insistent.

"Governor," he said, in a significant tone, "you understand that if you don't do this thing—well, it'll be on your own head."

The governor rose from his desk-chair, stumped across the thick red carpet of "No. 7" with the famous Richardson walk—heels down and toes up, six flat steps and a seventh high one!—to the chair of the man who was threatening him with political annihilation.

"I understand," he said, "but I'm here to run the State as I think best—not to get myself re-elected to office."

I was in California at the very height of the dread cattle disease. I covered the State from the Mexican line to the Oregon. And I can testify—if it's worth anything to him or you—that during this trying period Friend Richardson ran the State not only to his satisfaction, but to mine. The governor, being a confirmed motorist, was most sympathetic toward all of us poor tourists who had to submit to continual fumigation or give up gasoline and take to steam—but he held to his strict regulations and undoubtedly saved his State from one of the worst plagues that ever swept this country. Even "No. 7" had to be fumigated!

Harry, who pilots "No. 7," drove me to the Executive Mansion, which, I am sorry to say, is another of those terrible houses which blot the beauty of our state capitals. Only in Main and Texas,

where the Blaine and Houston mansions have a historic as well as an architectural beauty, have I found official residences worthy of the great States which tolerate them. California's house is no worse than the others, except that it *seems* worse because it is in so beautiful a State.

Mrs. Richardson cares about as much for political society as her husband does for political preferment. She is, as one of her neighbors described her, "what you might call a mother." She mothers her three children; she mothers her husband; she mothers the whole State of California. She is a sort of marathon mother, not only in the ground she covers, but in the time: for her three children have come at ten-year intervals. As she herself says: "I have always had a baby in the house." There is only one piece of evidence to refute the truth of that remark, and that is eleven-year-old John Richardson, who looks about as much like a baby as Mickey, the Angora cat, looks like a Boston bull.

Mrs. Richardson performs the non-maternal duties incumbent on a governor's wife, and performs them well; but she does so strictly on sufferance; she lives through the long season at the state capital just for the time when she can get to the

Richardson summer home at Long Beach—where she can have a really good time.

John does n't wait. So long as he has Harry, the chauffeur, to superintend in mechanical matters, and his father, the governor, to educate in sporting affairs, John can have a good time anywhere. The governor gets home every night in time to play ball with John and the other lads of the neighborhood, and is just as good as any of them at wielding the bat.

Next to Mickey, their cat, the most valuable gubernatorial possession is the solid silver dining-service with which the State of California, under less economical administrations, supplied its chiefs. The Richardsons are not very eager to eat their simple meals off solid silver plates; so they keep most of the service packed away. Mrs. Hilby, the governor's daughter, was good enough to show me some of the more important pieces and to point out such items on the inventory as:

Serving Plates	\$87.50 each.
Bonbon Dishes	\$22.50 each.
Bread and Butter Plates	\$30.00 each.

Democracy, what purchases are committed in thy name!

Mrs. Hilby also took me on an inspection tour of the mansion, beginning at the kitchen: just the whitest and cleanest kitchen you can imagine, the kind that brings joy to Mrs. Richardson's housewifely soul. The second floor is given over to bedrooms, furnished in style far superior to the house itself.

The daughter's room is the prettiest, which is as it should be. The furniture is French in design, with wicker trimmings, and pink and blue garlands, exquisitely painted.

As we came down-stairs, there were loud cries from the rear to the effect that "Golly! I don't want to go in there!" I judged that John was being groomed to make a formal appearance before "company." And inasmuch as I had already made John's acquaintance in an environment more fitted to his temperament—to wit, the back yard—I decided to temper politeness with mercy, and made a hasty retreat.

Anyhow, Harry and "No. 7" were waiting to take me to the station—and it was long since time for the Richardsons to be in bed!

XII

BROTHER HART OF WASHINGTON

“WHEN we came out here,” said Mrs. Hart, “we had three children—and that’s all we did have.”

The woman who spoke these words was sitting in her scrupulously clean living-room in Olympia, Washington. She was dressed as old ladies used to dress: in a lavender print gown, neatly covered by a kitchen apron; her pretty hair stretched back from her forehead, straight as the straightest string you ever saw; her tired hands crossways on her lap. She *was* an old lady, in point of age, for she had been married more than forty years, and her grown son stood beside her as she talked. But for all her age and the austerity of her costume, she was not old. She could n’t be, because she had one of those shining morning faces.

She had come to the door to let me in, as she might have done forty years ago in her bride’s house in High Point, Missouri; and she rubbed her hands on her apron as careful women do on their

way from the back to the front of the house. She had received me just as my New England mother or my New England grandmother would have received a strange guest, without embarrassment or apology that she was found with her working-clothes and without a servant in the house. And now she was sitting calmly in the capacious Executive Mansion, talking simply of the old days when she and Louis Hart struggled to hold a footing in the State over which they now exercise political sway.

The governor's father was a merchant in Missouri, and a fairly successful one, too. His one ambition was that his son should learn the profession of store-keeping. The governor's mother had other ideas: she wanted Louis to be a minister. And Louis, being of old Revolutionary stock, fortified a bit by Pennsylvania Dutch, had ideas of his own. He decided to be a lawyer. At sixteen he bowed to his father's will, temporarily, by entering the store at Cape Galeria; but at nineteen he broke away and studied law in the office of a local attorney.

All went well for a while, including one marriage and three births; but, in the spring of '89 Louis Hart decided that there was no chance for an ambitious young man in such effete centers of civi-

lization as High Point and Cape Galeria; and, with the consent and backing of his brave young wife, he bade his family good-by, while he hit the Covered Wagon trail to Snohomish, Washington.

In the gossip which had blown East to Missouri, Snohomish was a boom town, a county-seat, "a place with plenty of work for lawyers."

"And you ought to have seen it," put in Anson Hart, the oldest son, who must have been about four years old when *he* saw it.

"It was pretty bad," agreed gentle Mrs. Hart—these Harts always back each other up—"nothing but a mud-hole. But Louis had come on ahead and gotten us a little house, three rooms, I think it was—no, four—it's standing yet in what's called Blackman's Row—and he sent us the money to come on. He earned it all the first week."

The note of pride in her voice as she added the final words was unmistakable. Louis had n't been so successful in Missouri. There was some ground for feeling that he had "got in with the wrong crowd." But in Snohomish he had made good!

"I had enough money to get to Snohomish," the governor told me in his version of the same incident, "but not enough to stay there. In fact, I did n't have enough to stay anywhere. I was broke. So I walked into the only place that was open, the

bar; saw a man sitting at a table, who looked as if he were the right sort; walked up to him and said: 'Lend me a dollar.' He looked me right in the eye without saying a word, then, he went down into his corduroys, brought up a silver dollar, and started me in business in the State of Washington. I spent two bits right away for tobacco—and with the other six bits, I started out to make my fortune.

"The only thing that they had told me about Snohomish that was true was that there was 'plenty of work for lawyers.' I got a case the first day; won it the next; got my first fee—the biggest, by the way, that I was going to get for many a day—and, at the end of the first week, I not only paid back the dollar to the fellow in the bar, but sent a hundred dollars back to my wife in Missouri!"

"And Mrs. Hart made the journey alone with the three babies?"

"Yes—and with her younger sister and her babies. She had to mother the whole lot."

In Snohomish the Harts met some of the people who are still their best friends—and some, of course, who are not. There were the Mahoneys, who lived not far from Blackman's Row. The Hart boys and the Mahoney boys played "one old cat" together in the muddy Snohomish streets. Mrs. Hart visited with Mrs. Mahoney, "a nice little

woman if ever there was one.” And Mr. Mahoney—yes, Jim was all right, too, in his way, but he had one bad habit. He would beat up Mrs. Mahoney. And in the final show-down, he killed her. Jim’s was one of the first cases to come before Governor Hart for pardon. It was difficult, in view of the old days, but the governor did his duty. He let Jim hang.

Most of Mrs. Hart’s tales of the life in Snohomish were more cheerful than this one of the Mahoneys. To this brave-hearted woman, pioneering with a none too successful husband and an increasing family of babies was just one sweet song. She either does not see the sore spots in her life, or she struggles bravely to cover them—just as she tries not to limp, though for years she has suffered acutely from the tortures of rheumatism.

“You have no idea,” her son insisted, “what a hard time they had.”

“And neither has anybody else,” replied his mother, spunkily. “We never let ’em know back home that everything was n’t just fine—and in the end, you see, it was fine.”

Mrs. Hart looked out of the open window, across the wide green lawns of the Executive Mansion, past the white flagpole and the yellow tulips, to the gray-blue waters of Puget Sound and the gray-white

peaks of the Olympics. It *was* fine that she and Louis, after all their struggles, should find themselves in the dignified halls of an Executive Mansion so magnificent as to be quite beyond the wildest flights of a Snohomish imagination.

The State of Washington has done better by its governor as to a house than many more wealthy States. The mansion at the tip end of Puget Sound is not only beautifully situated but is itself a dignified substantial home. And large, too. There must have been ten or eleven bedrooms, all of them ready for a guest to walk into them.

I am very glad that I met Mrs. Hart first. It helped me to understand Louis. First off, he does n't make the best impression. He is dumpy, and blunt, and unresponsive. Not bad looking if he were n't so fat—sort of a cross between Henry Ward Beecher and P. T. Barnum, without the suavity of either—a clean, florid, rather logy old man, who likes the movies and the newspaper funnies, and wishes he were still lieutenant-governor because he loves to preside over the Senate.

“That’s the life,” he told me; “no worries!”

But he’s not without humor. His eyes twinkle at life. “That Pacific Highway,” he said, “is a great piece of work. It runs from Vancouver,

Canada, to Tiajuana, Mexico—from liquor to liquor.” And after a while he said wise things as well as funny ones—and in the end I came to the conclusion that he was not so logy, after all.

I am not ashamed of having had to go through this mental progression before I liked Governor Hart; for that is exactly what the whole State of Washington had to do before it accepted this fat, sleepy old man at his true worth.

Most politicians are negative people; if they were n’t they could n’t be elected to anything. They are people about whom nothing can be said—if they have anything very positive in their past lives, either for good or evil, that is enough to bar them from public office—and until six years ago Louis Hart seemed to be especially that sort of a person. Everybody liked him, and no one gave him much thought.

First he was a lawyer; then an insurance agent; for fourteen years he was secretary of the Odd Fellows in the State of Washington. He joined the Maccabees and the Elks, the Masons and the Red Men, the Ancient Order of United Workmen; in fact, he joined everything that came to Washington. He never made any money, but he made a lot of friends. He became “Brother Hart” to thousands of his fellow-citizens. And after a while

he loomed up as a good man to have as lieutenant-governor. But nobody thought of running Louis Hart for governor—and nobody ever would—if Governor Lister had n't taken ill and abdicated, leaving the office to easy-going Louis.

Frankly, there was a good deal of trepidation in the State of Washington at the prospect of even a temporary Hart administration. There had been serious labor troubles in the State. The I. W. W.'s were threatening. The situation demanded a strong man. And, whatever Louis Hart might be he had never impressed his fellow-citizens as strong. People said he drank. Other people said he fell asleep while he was talking with them. How could such a man make an acceptable governor of a great State?

It was true that he did fall asleep, suddenly and unaccountably, in the middle of important conversations. I have talked with men who are now among his greatest admirers, who were at one time shocked and alarmed at this extraordinary peculiarity. But now they know—and the whole State knows—that Hart was suffering from a form of kidney trouble which caused these sinking spells; they know, too, that during the long years before his governorship, when he never made more than enough money to support his family, he steadily



Governor Louis F. Hart of Washington

refused to spend any on himself to provide medical aid. But with the munificent salary of his present office—it is six thousand dollars a year, and more money than he has ever had in his life—Louis Hart has been able to make himself a well man. He does n't fall asleep now. Every department head in the state administration will swear to that!

I had hardly crossed the Columbia River into Washington when I had the drink story thrust under my nose. I was talking with a laborer working on the tracks at a small junction.

“What do you think of this governor of yours?” I asked him.

“Well,” he said, after some thought, “I guess he ’s a good feller.”

Something in the way in which he said “good feller” turned my thoughts to the universal topic.

“How does he stand on prohibition?”

“He ’s for it, I guess. Most of them politicians is for it. But he ’s drunk most of the time.”

When I reached Olympia, I put the story right up to the first man I met, the governor's secretary.

“Yes,” he said, “I ’ve heard that before. These are the facts: Governor Hart has n't taken a drink in the last thirty years, and he voted for prohibition. I guess that answers the question, does n't it?”

It did; but not so completely as the governor

himself answered it over the breakfast table in Spokane.

"I used to drink whisky," he said, as simply as if he were talking about the weather, "and for three years, I drank a lot of it. I don't mean that I did n't support my family, perhaps not as well as I should, but I did support them. And I never spoke an unkind word to the girl"—he was speaking of Mrs. Hart—"but, of course, there was the humiliation. And she stood by me, straight through. When she said we had three children and we did n't have anything else, she told the plain truth.

"That was thirty-odd years ago. Since then, I have been a practising prohibitionist. I tried drinking once in a while, but it did n't work. With me, it was everything or nothing; so it had to be nothing. And, believe me, during the last thirty years, there has been many an occasion when I have been sitting around the banquet table that I would have given a thousand dollars for just one drink."

Not one politician in a hundred thousand would have made so frank a statement; and I repeat it along with the record of the facts in order that both may stand to his everlasting credit. I rejoice that this is a country in which fine, simple Mrs. Hart, who "did n't have anything," may become the

first lady of a sovereign State; and fat, good-natured Louis Hart, who "used to drink whisky" but 'has n't done so for thirty years, may achieve the admiration and respect of the people who know him best.

What happened—so far as I can tell after touring the State from Spokane to Tacoma—was a miracle. If the man had been sixteen instead of fifty-six, the phenomenon would be described as the unfolding of a flower; even at his advanced age, it resembles nothing so much as a delayed blooming. The day before he stepped into Governor Lister's chair, not one man in a hundred in the State of Washington would have said that he could be nominated or elected at the next election. But eighteen months later he did get the nomination and the election by ticket-leading majorities; and the people who were most skeptical—the solid business men of the State—were his most enthusiastic supporters.

During the six years that he had been sitting in sleepy dignity over the sessions of the legislature he had been studying the business of the State. He had seen one expensive department piled on top of dozens of other expensive departments; he had seen one cumbersome commission set to watch over other cumbersome commissions; he had seen one

extravagance piled on another until the general funds in the Treasury of the State of Washington "weighed in" at about one million dollars less than a vacuum. To-day the corresponding figure is five million dollars excess. And in the meantime he has reduced the tax-levy from four mills to less than two.

How? The chief thing he did was to put into effect a brand-new administrative code, reducing the seventy-odd departments of the government to one, or, rather, placing the activities of all these departments under one council of ten members which functions as a board of directors for the State. Sounds simple, does n't it? But one of the leading business men of Seattle, sitting in the exclusive Rainier Club, where the former opposition to Governor Hart had chiefly centered, told me that the adoption of the new administrative code "is one of the finest achievements in the history of state government." There is hardly a man in that center of wealth and conservatism who would not agree with him.

The most effective thing Louis did, however, was to buy a book. "That damn black book" the legislature calls it. I've seen it. I know how it works. And if anybody is trying to put something

over on the State of Washington, he is quite justified in characterizing it with copious profanity. For the governor's black book summarizes more effectively than any account-book I have ever seen in a state Capitol the finances and business of the State. Each activity of the State has a page; at the top is the amount of money it is privileged to spend; below, by months, is the rate at which it is spending it; two thirds of the way across the page is a vertical line—in red; beyond this line is the forbidden land of deficiencies. "And it's hell," the governor's efficient highway commissioner confided to me, "when you get in the red."

But more important than the administrative code and the black book has been the extraordinary knowledge of State affairs stored away in the governor's gray head. "He can remember more figures," one old State-house employee said to me, "than any three governors I've ever seen." And he does n't stop at figures. The other day, at a meeting of the Highway Commission, some one suggested laying a road across a certain hillside in eastern Washington, when the governor spoke up, to the great abashment of his experts, with the remark: "You can't do that. There's an irrigation ditch that runs . . ." Well, you see how the

State of Washington is being run by a man who knows it.

He knows the people of the State, too; knows them as no other man has ever known them. When he was about to make his campaign for governor, one of his supporters said to him:

“Governor, we ought to have some sort of a mailing-list for the campaign. Do you know where we can get one?”

“Yes, I think I do,” replied Hart, in his slow way, drawing a pad of yellow paper toward him and beginning to write. When he finished, he had compiled from memory a “mailing-list” of more than five thousand citizens, whose names *and addresses* he personally knew!

“He is a remarkable man,” said President Henry Suzzallo of the University of Washington. “And if any one tells you he has n’t saved money for the State of Washington, send him to me. I’ll show him where the governor has saved half a million dollars right here at the university!”

From Dr. Suzzallo—himself a remarkable man—I first heard about Chum, the Governor’s youngest daughter. The pet ambition of the Harts has always been to send their children through college. They tried with each of the older ones; but always

the pocketbook called a halt. But with the lieutenant-governor's salary to draw upon, they knew they could make good with Louella. That's her real name—from her father, Louis, and her mother, Ella—but I like the governor's name better; so we'll call her Chum. It was all fixed. Chum was to go East to Smith. But, one day, soon after Governor Lister's abdication, she came to her father and said:

"Daddy, I've been thinking about this college business and I've decided I'm not going to Smith."

"Not going to Smith?"

"No," continued the girl, "I don't think it would look right, you being governor, for me to go East to school. I'm going to the University of the State of Washington—where my father is the governor."

And she went.

"I admit," the governor told me, "that I had thought of the point myself, but I knew the girl's heart was set on going East, and I would n't have said anything for the world. And when she finished, she went down to Centralia and rustled herself a position as school-teacher. The first thing I knew about it was when she walked into the office, and said, 'Daddy, I've got a job.'"

"One day I was passing through Centralia and stopped at the school. The principal recognized me and began showing me over the building.

"After a while we came to Chum's room and he said:

" 'The teacher in this room has the same name that you have; you ought to meet her.'

" 'I have met her,' I said; 'she 's my daughter.' "

The governor smiled proudly.

At this point the governor started off on an all-day inspection trip of the State's highways, part of his seventy-five-thousand-mile pilgrimage since tackling the highway job. The next day he made another long trip to inspect his famous state herd of thoroughbred Holsteins, which he has built up on an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars to a value of at least two hundred thousand. The day after, he journeyed back from Spokane to Olympia to attend a meeting of one of the many boards of which he is ex officio a member. Ex officio memberships are often taken as honorary memberships, but not by Governor Hart.

A pretty good record for a man of sixty-two, who used to fall asleep when he talked to you!

The governor says he won't run again. And he does n't give any very good reason why. Some

say it's his health; and they may be right. But there are other possible explanations.

"Some people," he told me, "look back over their lives, and say, 'I wish I had done this or had n't done that.' But I don't. If I had to live my life all over again, I'd live it just as I *have* lived it. I've done things I should n't do—and I've paid for them. And I've had my fun. I'd leave it all in, every bit of it. And about the future, we have n't decided what we'll do. But mother and I'll talk it over"—his eyes softened as he spoke of the brave, hard-working woman who had stuck to him through a lifetime—"and *I know it'll be all right.*"

XIII

THE BIG MAN IN THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE

GEORGE SILZER is having a good time. He did n't want to be governor. He preferred to remain a judge. But he no sooner settled his compact form into the chair in which Woodrow Wilson used to sit than he developed much of that famous Jerseyman's joy in political battle, along with a gay buoyancy in attack which is quite his own. He used to be a choir-boy, George did; and when he bumped into the governor's job at Trenton he went singing to his fate.

"Approached in a spirit of service," he said, "the burden will be light and full of interest and promise."

George was a little optimistic about the lightness of his gubernatorial burdens. They have been fairly hefty for even his sturdy, golf-hardened shoulders. But his interest in them lost no time in developing in the most promising fashion. New

Jersey had just raised forty million dollars for good roads. About eight millions of this amount was destined, in the governor's opinion, to pad the pockets of the politico-paving ring which exists in almost every State. Governor Silzer had previously occupied every important political office from alderman to circuit judge; he knew how the gang worked; and he thought he knew how to stop them.

"Why should we be tender," he asked, "with those who have had their hands in our pockets?"

He was n't. Six days after his inauguration, Silzer went in person to the hostile legislature with the simple statement, "I have this day removed the present State Highway Commission"; and the announcement that he intended to replace them with a non-partizan commission of "outstanding men."

The governor happens to be a Democrat. The Senate happened to be Republican. But the fight which followed would have been the same if the political positions had been reversed. The governor appointed a new Highway Commission consisting of two Republicans and two Democrats: one of the Republicans was an engineer of national reputation; the other was a former chief of staff of the United States army. The senators were not pleased with this bi-partizan board. They said the

General Scott and his party associate were not "outstanding Republicans."

"What do you mean," asked Governor Silzer, "by 'outstanding Republicans'?"

"Those are the words I understood you used in speaking about appointing these commissioners," replied the spokesman for the senators.

"I said 'outstanding *men*.'"

"Outstanding men?"

"Yes. And they are. You do not say that either Mr. Kidd or General Scott is unfit to do this work?"

"That has never been said."

"You do not say that they are not capable of doing the work?"

"That phase of the question——"

"You do not speak on the ground that they are not honest?"

"That has never been questioned."

"You do not contend that they are not able to build good roads and honest roads?"

"We don't know about that phase of it."

"Do you doubt it?"

"I simply say I don't know of——"

"Have you made any effort to find out?"

"I don't know for the others."

"Have you anything against these men at all?"

"Speaking as the spokesman——"

"In other words, you know nothing against these men?"

"This committee is not in a position to discuss the motive."

The governor's brown eyes danced.

"But, gentlemen," he laughed, "you ask me to withdraw two men. I have to know what is wrong with them. You ask me to do a thing without telling me why I should do it. You don't know anything against these men that you can lay before me, as to their ability, character, or honesty. You don't even object that they are not Republican. Gentlemen, I will tell you what my purpose in this is. Perhaps, we have different viewpoints. My purpose is to build good roads and build honest roads. I do not care who builds them. I do not care whether the Democrats or the Republicans build them. I want good roads built. And since the purpose is to get outstanding, honest, capable men, why should the question of politics have anything to do with it at all? What does Republicanism or Democracy have to do with the road question?"

They don't have anything to do with it in Jersey—now. For Democratic Governor Silzer and his Republican chairman of the Highway Commission, General Scott, are building good roads and

honest roads all over the State. The forty-million-dollar appropriation is being spent, every last million of it, for the benefit of the people of the State. But more important even than the forty millions is the knowledge on the part of every Jerseyman that there is an honest, fearless, able man in the governor's office at Trenton.

"Even my black-Republican father," said one young woman to me the other day, "thinks Governor Silzer is all right."

When I repeated this remark to the governor, he laughed and told me a story of a really black Republican. Two colored soldiers were sitting on the dock at Brest waiting for the transport to take them back to America.

"Sam," said the lightest of the darks, "w'at you-all goin' to do when you gets back home?"

"I 'se goin' to buy me a white silk hat," replied Sam, after some thought, "an' a white suit o' clo'se, an' a white overcoat, an' white gloves, an' white shoes—and I 'se goin' out among all dem white people an' enjoy mahself!"

"Huh!"

"W'at you say, nigger?"

"I did n't say nuthin'. I 'se thinkin' w'at I 'se goin' to do."

"W'at you-all goin' to do, Rastus?"

"I 'se goin' to buy mahself a *black* silk hat, an' a *black* suit o' clo'se, an' *black* gloves, an' *black* shoes."

"An' then w'at you done goin' to do, nigger?"

"I 'se goin' to yo' funeral!"

Governor Silzer is n't one of those solemn fellows who have to talk about highways and coal prices and factory reform and law enforcement to be happy. I have seen the light turn off in so many governors' eyes—if some one happened to mention Babe Ruth or Alcibiades or the Sermon on the Mount. They seem to feel that the doctrine of state's rights should be applied to conversation. But Silzer is with you if you wander across the state line into philosophy or history or mirth.

Before he was governor, he and Mrs. Silzer used to spend many of their vacations in Europe, wandering about the little-known parts of England and the Continent, with the result that they know the world almost as well as they know New Jersey. Mrs. Silzer was ill when I was at Sea Girt, so that I did not have the pleasure of confirming for myself the impression she seems to have made upon all who know her, that of a well-poised woman of the world, young like her husband in looks and interests, and brilliant in conversation. From Mrs. Silzer's pictures, however, and from the charm

that hung about even the official residence over which she presides, I can believe the comment of a young woman journalist who had tried to interview her on "entertaining." "It is difficult," said the interviewer, "to discuss entertaining in the abstract when a woman is being so delightfully entertaining herself. During a long tea and dinner hour the conversation persisted in spite of us in wandering off into all sorts of by-paths that had nothing whatever to do with whether the governor's guests should start their dinner with oysters or grape-fruit." It was cantaloup the night I was there, at the start of a dinner which reflected the greatest credit on our absent hostess.

Mrs. Silzer is a success as governor's lady, especially in the summer, when she acts as hostess not only to the governor's guests, but to the whole National Guard of the State of New Jersey, their wives, their sweethearts, and their friends. The Little White House, where Governor Wilson, as a candidate for President, received the homage of his party, is situated on the parade-grounds at Sea Girt. One day a week has been set aside as governor's day. On these occasions even so democratic an official as Governor Silzer must put on his high hat and tail-coat, mount an arrogant



Governor and Mrs. Silzer of New Jersey

steed, and review the military forces of the State; and after the review Mrs. Silzer stands with the governor in the balconied living-room of the official cottage and shakes hands with the friends of the boys in khaki. These friends are not from the immediate neighborhood. They are literally from all over the State. One day there were seven thousand of them. No wonder the governor's lady was ill!

But the governor himself loves the life at Sea Girt. He loves people. Also, he loves the open air—riding, shooting, golfing. “Next time,” he said to me, “you must make it a week-end. If we don't feel like golf, we 'll get a couple of horses and go out and see what Jersey is like.” George Silzer usually does “feel like golf,” and like very good golf, as Parker, his twenty-four-year-old son, can abundantly testify. His friends tell me he drives a long, straight ball—in golf as well as in politics. And in the evening he likes to sit on the veranda of the Little White House, or around its friendly fire, and talk of the more serious things of life.

“There is seldom difficulty in finding a remedy when we know all the facts”; he was speaking of the coal situation. “I have never seen any

problem which the American people were not able to solve if you but laid the cards on the table and let them know what was happening.”

Then, one logical step on top of the one beneath, Governor Silzer built up his theory that coal is a federal problem, not a Pennsylvania state problem, not a capital-and-labor problem, and not a subject for settlements that “always finish by raising the price of coal and by adding to the burdens of the consumer.”

The governor is not for public ownership—his training as a lawyer and a banker is all against that political panacea—but he foresees circumstances in which the people may prefer public ownership to public exploitation. “The President has expressed himself,” said the governor, “as opposed to government ownership or operation of coal-mines. In this I believe he truly expressed the attitude of our people. If, however, the National and State Governments fail to do their duty to take the necessary steps for the protection of the coal-consuming public, I believe that the people will change their minds on this subject and will insist upon taking into their own hands, through their Government, that which is now being used by private interests to exploit the public.”

In his own State Governor Silzer has already

shown how he believes a capital-and-labor dispute affecting the public interest should be handled. In the summer of 1923 a difference over wages arose between the Public Service Railway Company and its employees. The men struck. The company refused to run cars. For a month the State of New Jersey was substantially without street-car transportation. No one seemed to know what to say or do; at least, no one but Silzer. This is what he said:

“The streets of the State belong to the public; they do not belong to the Public Service Railway Company. We gave the company the use of our streets with the clear understanding that it, in return, was to give adequate transportation facilities to the traveling public. We must then either have that service or have the streets back. With the streets back in our hands others will provide transportation.”

And this was what he did. “I request that you take action at once,” he wrote the attorney-general, “to recover the streets of the State, and to remove therefrom the property of the Public Service Railway Company.”

Within a week the attorney-general had filed his suit. Within two weeks the company was running its cars. The governor had won another victory

for the people of New Jersey, without resorting to political demagoguery.

You may begin to suspect that I liked Silzer. I did—from the very first moment he walked out on the veranda in his swanky golf knickers, extended his strong right arm in friendly, hospitable greeting, and opened his generous lips to let the smile out. I liked him all through that happy evening around the table and the fireplace, when we talked politics and books and people in the famous Little White House at Sea Girt. I liked him for the reasons that men like men: George Silzer has brains—enough to be a lawyer and a judge, enough to amass a considerable fortune; he has character—enough to be a big man in the legal, financial, and religious life of his State; he has culture—enough to talk easily and colorfully of men and affairs in the new and old worlds; he has charm—enough to command not only the franchise of his fellow-citizens but their insistent demand that he leave his chosen work to become their chief executive. I could n't help liking him.

But I did n't expect to do so. I had thought of Silzer as a fire-eater. I feared he was a demagogue. I had gathered the impression from the Pennsylvania people that he was on the wrong side

of the coal question. I was n't for him. And even now I don't ask you to take the man at my valuation; at any one's valuation. I am going to let George Silzer speak for himself. He's the governor who can!

He has ideas on everything, from capital and labor to bobbed-haired bandits. "Everybody," he said, "has been reading about twenty-year-old Celia Cooney. The papers call her 'the bobbed-haired bandit.' But her case is exceptional only in the dramatic features connected with her attempts to hold up people for money. Five years before she was born her father was brought to court for drunkenness and neglect. Her brothers and sisters were committed to a public institution. Notwithstanding these well-known facts, this drunken and neglectful father was permitted to bring into the world three or four more children, including Celia. When she was four years old and the youngest of eight children, she came into the custody of the Children's Society, a charitable organization. Six months later she was turned back to her mother and then abandoned. An aunt took her in charge, and for ten years she attended school. At fourteen her mother took her back and in a short time deserted her. At fifteen she be-

came a child-laborer in a brush factory, spending her nights consorting with sailors on the waterfront. At sixteen she was back with her mother, working in a laundry, and, shortly after, again deserted. At twenty she was married and had a child, and in a few months was sent to prison for from ten to twenty years.

“What chance had this unfortunate woman?”

The governor's intense interest in the welfare of women and children has found practical expression—as most of his interests do—in a successful fight with the legislature, this time to eliminate night-work for women in the factories of the State. “If the children of industrial workers are to become happy, contented, and useful citizens,” he said, “their fathers and mothers must lead happy lives, and their home surroundings and the conditions under which they labor must be bettered. If the man or men of the family are not paid a sufficient wage to enable them to support the family with some degree of comfort, then that condition must be changed and changed immediately.

“Pregnant mothers, working at night, gaunt and weary with toil, standing eight or nine hours at a machine running noisily and ceaselessly, and then returning to a cold and cheerless home in the early

hours, greeted by crying and hungry babies—it is not a pleasant picture to behold and should never exist in this free land of ours. Conditions in these homes are appalling. The mother obtains little or no rest, for her days are spent in caring for her children and attending to other arduous household duties, and her nights are spent toiling in the mill. Both for humanitarian reasons and for the good of the State these things must not be.”

George Silzer is so right on so many subjects, in which there is no reason for disagreement among honest men and women, that he deserves a hearing on a question about which there is endless lack of agreement: prohibition. Silzer believes in enforcing the prohibition law. “No matter what individual views may be upon these questions,” he said, “there can be no two views on the subject of law observance and law enforcement.” This, however, is what he believes about the law which he is called upon to enforce:

“The great trouble with the Volstead Act is that it is a lie; and I say that without heat or excitement. Men respect the things that are respectable. A thing that is not true is not respectable. The Volstead Act is not true. It says that any beverage of more than one-half of one per cent of

alcohol is intoxicating, and everybody knows that is not a fact.

“Now, you cannot expect men to obey a law that is a lie unless they have no impulse to disobey it, and, of course, if there were no impulse to disobey it there would be no need for the law. No one ever has known a law to be so flagrantly disobeyed in this country as the Volstead Act. It is disobeyed not only by what we call the ordinary people but by men in big and sacred stations. It is disobeyed by men who guide our sons in great educational institutions. It is disobeyed by men in very high offices, and, as we all know, by some men in high offices who call on the country in solemn tones to obey to the letter this same law.”

A good many people feel the way Governor Silzer does about the Volstead Act and about prohibition; but very few of the people with whom I have talked have taken so sane a view of what ought to be done about it.

“There are two things to be kept in mind, I think, in seeking the remedy. One is to promote temperance, and the other is to restore respect for the laws. I believe an honest law would go far toward doing both. Find out what is the real and honest maximum of alcoholic content possible under the Eighteenth Amendment, and give it to

the people in the sections of the country dissatisfied with the present law.

“That may mean all the country or only parts of it, like the Eastern States. I suspect the dissatisfaction with the present law more nearly concerns the entire country than our dry friends will admit. It may be that 2.75 per cent would be the maximum; it may be that even two per cent would be. Whatever it is, let the people have it in the sections now protesting.

“I believe that would satisfy the large class of workers who are not able to pay bootleg prices, but who bitterly resent being deprived of a glass of mild beer while others buy everything they want. I believe a reasonable maximum also would go far toward satisfying the large class of people who used to drink beer and now have turned to liquor. Satisfy those two classes, and a very great deal of the present trouble would disappear. They can be satisfied, I am confident, by an honest law.”

In asking Governor Silzer to talk so much, I may be doing him an injustice, because he is not especially of the talkative kind. He listens without seeming to be waiting to get his word in. He likes to sit quietly and turn a subject over in his ample mind, look at the top and the bottom of it,

and then, "in a few well-chosen words," put under it a well-placed prop or a well-greased skid. But whatever he says, in ten words or five hundred, is sure to be something to which it is worth while listening. At least, I listened until well after midnight—and after the last train had left for New York. "Of course, you're staying the night with me," said my host, as if he really meant it; and when I told him that I could not, he insisted on sending me home in the gubernatorial car and warmly wrapped in the gubernatorial overcoat.

The day in Jersey had made a deep furrow in my imagination. The capital at Trenton, its green lawns stretching under mighty shade-trees to the historic Delaware, had conjured memories of those first days of Wilson's public career—those days of high promise and brave hopes. The white cottage at Sea Girt, the flagpole, the gilded cannon on the lawn, the famous veranda, did even more to recreate the Presidential atmosphere. And as I talked with this other governor of New Jersey, called from the bench as Wilson had been called from the class-room to serve his friends and neighbors, the representatives of the great party to which they both belonged were gathering across the Hudson to choose another Democratic standard-bearer. I wondered if history would repeat itself;

if, at this or some other convention of his party, the call to higher public service might come to Governor Silzer as it had come to Governor Wilson. And I found myself earnestly hoping that it might indeed be so.

XIV

A. J., A LONELY SOUL

A J. GROESBECK of Stellwagen & Groesbeck, Attorneys at Law, Dime Savings Bank, Detroit, Michigan—I shall always think of him by his full legal title—is one of the three best governors upon whom I have stumbled in my gubernatorial marathon from coast to coast. He is a credit and an asset to the great State over which he presides. But he is undubitably a lonely soul.

Most lawyers are that way. There is something about their training which makes them think all men guilty until proved innocent. But some of them conceal their true natures under sweet smiles. They practise law apologetically, as they would burglary or arson. They try not to suspect every man they meet of harboring an injunction against them; they sometimes think without “whereases” and smile without an “inasmuch.” But not so the governor of Michigan. He looks you over as if you were a prisoner in the pen; and he stands with one hand behind him as if he were about to

whip out a habeas corpus or hurl a calfskin volume of revised statutes at your head. He is the kind of man to whom you say something particularly pleasant—and find to your dismay that you are smiling alone. In brief, and to wit, he's a lawyer.

And he glories in his shame. He pulls his black hat upon his bullet-like head, clamps the brim over his heavy eyebrows, sinks his neck into his back, and squares off his great shoulders as if he were going to hit you in the jaw. Then he's ready to say "Good morning." I wouldn't say that he perked up much over the greeting. I had to pinch myself to make sure he didn't say, "What do you want?" And I rather think that down in what we now so glibly call the subconscious mind, that's what he does say when he looks out so belligerently on a sociable world.

But as a human being he improves on acquaintance. At first I could n't tell him from the other bound volumes on his legal shelves. But after we had been together for an hour or two the governor felt that he could safely smile; and with the unfolding of that smile came the opening of the Groesbeck book. I knew right away that if fate had only been kind to him and made him a coroner or an undertaker—any profession, in fact, in which he would dare to let himself go—A. J. would have

been just as good a fellow as he is a governor. Moreover, and I feel sure that this is true, he would never have been what he is to-day, a bachelor.

I would n't say that any woman could do much with him now. The shell of his bachelorhood is thick and durable. But certainly some one should have tried; some one should have made a man who smiles as intriguingly as A. J. does smile more often. He is n't bad-looking—when he smiles. He has less hair than Jack Dempsey but many of the great athlete's physical perfections. And his eyes are quite remarkable, bulley like his head, but bright as the brightest dollars you ever saw and fiery as the well-known coals. It seems too bad that those coals seldom glow except—well, except in his enthusiasm for the state penitentiary!

Of course the governor comes naturally by his interest in penitentiaries.

“My father was a miller, a saw-miller,” he explained in the softer mood that followed the first smile, “and he did very well at it. But after a while he had financial reverses which forced him to give up milling and try his hand at jailing. He had always been interested in politics, especially in the political fortunes of Grover Cleveland, who was the big national figure of that day; and he fell

heir as a good party man to the office of sheriff of Macomb County. There weren't many prisoners in father's constituency, and the sheriff's job was not a heavy one; but it carried with it one great perquisite, the right to live in the jail. And that's what we did, father, mother, my two sisters, my three brothers, and I. You see," the governor concluded, without committing himself to the joke, "I was brought up in a sort of political atmosphere."

"Better begin your career in jail," I ventured, "than end it there."

The governor must have heard this pallid jest before, but he actually laughed aloud—a feat which I would not have considered possible when I entered that gloomy law-office in Detroit—and I knew that from that moment we were to be friends.

"Mother used to say," continued the governor, "that nothing could happen to the Groesbeck family that would seem very bad after that early experience. Sometimes, when things looked pretty black, she would exclaim: 'What's that to us?' And then, to the amazement of strangers, she would add: 'We've already spent six years in jail!' As a matter of fact, mother rather enjoyed living in the jail and working with the prisoners, and I have

often heard her tell her friends that the last four years in the new jail were the happiest period of her married life."

The first two years must have been pretty bad. The old "pen" at Mount Clemens was built on the principle of giving the prisoners the star-boarder rooms in the front of the house and parking the sheriff and his family in the first floor rear. The cellar was damp, the ventilation inadequate, the view disheartening. So every member of the Groesbeck family except the sheriff himself was quite reconciled to a political upheaval which threw them out of the county jail.

But the old man was heartbroken. Somehow, he figured, it was a reflection on him and on his great hero, Grover Cleveland, that his neighbors should defeat him by the overwhelming majority of twenty votes! The thing weighed on him. So Mrs. Groesbeck, who was twice as good a politician as her husband, resolved that history should not repeat itself at the next election. She was a most vivacious woman of French descent, always laughing and joking, and ready to meet a stranger more than half-way. Between elections she made friends with every voter in the community, knew most of them by their first names, and carried their votes in her apron pockets.



Governor Alex J. Groesbeck of Michigan

When the Groesbecks went back to jail, they found a new building with sheriff's quarters up front and a soothing view of green lawns and riverbanks. "There was a long corridor leading from the front of the house," the governor's sister told me, "to a heavy door of wood and iron. On one side of this door were the prisoners; on the other side, the Groesbecks. Mother was very popular with the prisoners. She never let any of them go without a lot of motherly advice. I am sure her activities did those poor fellows a great deal of good, as well as inculcating in all of us the interest in prison administration which, as you know, has marked my brother's official career. Father could talk politics to his heart's content; and the boys were getting old enough to like it, too. My sister and I heard nothing else; and to this day I would much rather sit around with men and listen to political talk than to spend my time with women."

The governor was right. He *was* brought up in a political atmosphere—in the jail and later at Ann Arbor, where he attended the university for a year. "I did n't stay any longer," he explained, "because I did n't have any more money." At Ann Arbor, in the heat of campus political discussions, young Groesbeck found that, in spite of his Cleveland-adoring father, he was at heart a Re-

publican; and it was with that party that he allied himself on his arrival in Detroit.

"I had more than an average citizen's interest in political affairs," Governor Groesbeck told me, "but I never expected to run for public office. I do not regard the governorship as an honor to be coveted in the sense that it is an opportunity to exercise power. I regard it as a job. If I had been figuring on running for office, I'd never have gotten into the fights I did. But I was always one of those fellows who could be depended upon to turn to and work, and that kind usually gets plenty of work to do. So finally I became chairman of the state committee, then attorney-general, and finally governor. I have never run for anything yet, where I would n't just as soon wake up the day after election and find I did n't have to tackle the job. That 's the way I felt about my present office. But," he added, with a return of that boyish smile, "it 's a nice job to do."

It 's a nice job to have done; the record A. J. is leaving on the State-house books at Lansing. He found the finances of one of the richest of our commonwealths in the poorest of condition. In three years he put them on their fiscal feet. In the same period he reduced the tax-levy from twenty-one millions to approximately fifteen.

And he did this job by applying common sense to the people's business.

"During my four years as attorney-general," he told me, "I was amazed to find that the heads of the various departments never got together to talk over the business of the State. Each went off in his corner and spent all the money he could get to help the work of his own department. Nobody knew where the other fellow was going. There was no way by which even the governor could get a proper perspective on the whole job to be done. There was no coöperation, no team-play. This seemed to me all wrong. So when I became governor I decided to change it.

"We had a good legislature that year. They worked hard to give me the laws I needed. And between us we straightened out the whole thing. The State of Michigan now has a board of directors just like any business, a board that meets every week and controls all the activities of all the departments.

"Suppose you, Collins, had something you wanted the State to do. You could n't go to some isolated official and get him to do it without the knowledge of the rest of us. You would have to appear before our board, where everything you said, and everything we asked you, would be put

down in black and white. And when you got your answer, you 'd know that your proposition had been considered by the responsible heads of the State and solely in the interests of the State."

"Suppose I was a state official and wanted something done?" I asked.

"The same thing would happen. You 'd have to come and argue for what you wanted, just like any other citizen. Of course, the politicians did n't like this system very well, and at first there was a good deal of kicking; but now I think it is the general opinion that the plan works well. Anyhow, that 's my opinion!"

The governor had forgotten he was a lawyer. In his enthusiasm he had committed himself irrevocably. And he was having a wonderfully good time. It may not be your idea of a good time, talking about boards of directors and department heads; but it's the governor's. Mention "tax-levy" to this big, surly boy, and his round eyes pop as yours might if you stumbled over a Murillo in your front attic. The words "highway construction" make his bald head wrinkle pleasantly; and "penitentiary" causes his great nose to shake with prideful pleasure. He's a human being after all, is A. J. And he's very much in love—with his "nice job."

The governor has never had much time for anything but jobs. People don't live in prisons because they want to, whether they go there by the judge's decision or the voters'. And the loss of fortune which sent the elder Groesbeck into the sheriff's job sent the younger Groesbecks out to peddle papers and contribute to the family support in various similar ways. The governor had to work hard to get himself to Ann Arbor; and he had hardly got there when he had to leave and work harder still to get a foothold in Detroit.

Even his boyish sports were limited by the family pocketbook. He did inherit a pair of skates and became what he still is, a very skilful skater. Swimming also came easily, because the county furnished a river-front along with the jail; and by the exercise of reasonable caution an agile boy could get by without undue investment in bathing-suits. He is still an enthusiastic follower of professional baseball—who would n't be in a town that holds Ty Cobb?—and he goes each fall to the big football games at Ann Arbor; but in his youth he had neither the time to indulge in these pleasures nor the money with which to purchase the needed equipment.

The governor has n't forgotten those days of youthful privation. His heart goes out to the

young wards of the State. And he is never too busy to make a speech or turn a sod or lead a procession for their benefit.

"He's all to de good, dis guy Groesbeck," a young scrubby Detroit newsboy confided to me. "Yer orter see him Chris'mus out here wid de rest of us fellers sellin' papers to help de poor kids that ain't got no Chris'mus. Believe me, mister, when de guv'ner sells papers, he don't give back no change."

The younger newspaper merchant spoke nothing but the truth. Every year at Christmas time the governor of the State reverts to his own newsboy days and helps the modern generation of paper venders raise about twenty-five thousand dollars for the city's poor. The Good Fellows' Campaign, it is called; and A. J. surely proves—in spite of his aloofness and apparent coldness—that he belongs in the front rank of good-fellowship!

The governor makes light of his early labors. He speaks of life at the jail as if it were one sweet song. He even gives those days credit for much of his subsequent success.

"I suppose father's library at the jail was largely responsible for making me a lawyer," said the governor. "It was one of those country libraries that all minor officials have, composed of govern-

ment reports, treatises on civil and criminal practice, in fact, all the dull things that are distributed free. I was a great reader. I had to read something. So I read these books—and became a lawyer.”

Groesbeck succeeded in his profession. He associated himself with good attorneys and in time became a very good one himself. But he did not confine himself too closely to the law. I imagine he made his first big money by putting through the interurban railway between Detroit and Flint; and later he acquired a fair amount of Detroit's increasingly profitable real estate. He bought a big house for himself and family in a choice section of the Grand Boulevard; but his business instincts prevailed over his domestic ones, and he cut up his own home into apartments and built another apartment-house on the corner of the lot.

A. J. is well-to-do. He is rated by Detroiters at not less than half a million. He does n't need public office for his own pocketbook. And the people of Michigan seem to value and respect this financial independence. It is as if they looked at this hard-boiled young man and said: “He must be honest. He is n't poor enough or rich enough to be anything else.”

Curiously enough, the governor's official life has

been marked by a series of conflicts with the men and interests with which he was most closely connected in his earlier business and political career. "That's one reason," he said, "why the governorship is less popular than the senatorships. It used to puzzle me why men declined to run for governor in order to go to Washington. But now I know. The job takes them a long way from home and from the little personal difficulties and embarrassments that arise every day in a governor's relationship with his friends and neighbors. I've had lots of them."

I thought I knew what the governor meant. I had seen other chief executives torn by their friends' demands for all sorts of special privileges, from appropriations from the state treasury to low numbers on their license plates. But from what I afterward learned, I think he had in mind especially his struggles with the highway problem.

A. J. has a gang of convicts building a state highway between Detroit and Lansing. He is enthusiastic about what they are doing. He believes that the State should keep its prisoners steadily employed—for their sake and for the State's. But he does n't indulge in any dreams about making the prisoner self-supporting. Other gover-

nors see in convict labor a solution of all their penal problems, especially expense. But Governor Groesbeck, refusing to be led astray by his personal interest in the convicts, sees them as they are.

"Too many of them are ill. Too many are lazy. And too many are bad." That is the way he summed them up; and then he added: "It is impossible to expect the good ones, who will work, to support all the others. It can't be done. But the State can and should provide work for all its convicts who are capable of performing it."

Groesbeck's interest in prisons is not a perfunctory thing. He does n't hesitate to spend as much time as necessary within the prison walls. Not long ago reports came to him of revolting moral conditions in a state industrial school. Most governors would have appointed an investigating commission. A. J. jumped into his car, took a stenographer with him, arrived unexpectedly at the institution, took testimony from the inmates until two in the morning, and discharged the whole school management.

"I found the superintendent of one of our institutions," he told me, "sitting in his office with his feet on his desk. Before him stood a line of

inmates who had come to ask special favors or changes in their conditions. As each one approached the desk, the old man snarled:

“Well, what do you want?”

“The poor fellow would state his case. The old man would shake his head in denial. Then the next one would speak up, only to have his request turned down. The big bully with his feet on the desk was having the time of his life. Every time he denied a request, he would grin, and say, ‘Skidoo!’ or, ‘Back to the mines!’ Well, that old man had a lot of political friends. Some of them helped to kill my motor-license bill. They’ll try to kill anything else I try to do. For that old man is n’t working for the State any more!”

Whenever the governor gets a chance, he runs out to the state penitentiary and spends a night with the warden going over prison problems—in prison.

“We always know he’s coming,” said one of the “boys.” “The word gets around somehow, and then we lay for him.”

“Yes,” said the governor’s sister, “whenever my brother comes back from a night at the prison, his trousers pockets are full of notes asking for pardons. The prison tailor calls for his suit at

night to press it; and the boys take this way of bringing their cases to his attention."

Miss Groesbeck is herself very much interested in the prisoners and has become well acquainted with the families of some of them, especially the mothers, who haunt the Groesbeck home. "It's not so bad now," said the patient lady, "but at first it was terrible. They say it is so with every governor for the first two years of his term. Everybody tries to influence him; and then they begin to give up hope. But one little woman is an almost constant visitor. She doesn't see why my brother can't pardon her two boys."

All the young men had done, I found upon inquiry, was to hold up a pay-roll messenger and get away with thirty-four thousand dollars!

The governor and his sister live together in the ground-floor apartment of the large brick house that used to be the Groesbeck mansion. "All you'll see," said Governor Groesbeck, as he suggested running out to the house in his car, "is a little apartment. One of my governor friends was telling me not long ago that his State paid him ten thousand dollars a year, gave him an Executive Mansion, and made him an allowance of fifteen thousand dollars a year to run it. But Mich-

igan pays its governors only five thousand a year—and they eat themselves.”

It is a little apartment, a very little one to be the home of a man of Groesbeck's wealth and importance. “But,” said the governor with some truth, “what does the way a man lives have to do with how he governs the State?” And there is a certain dark solidity about the Groesbeck home that accords with the appearance and character of its owner. The heavy mahogany woodwork bespeaks strength and elegance rather than beauty; and the substantial furniture has obviously been selected on the same basis. There are almost no family portraits and few signs of the governor's occupancy. Even the bookcase reveals little of his personal tastes and proclivities. In fact, the only title which remains in my memory is, most inappropriately, “The Crown of Womanhood”!

A. J. makes no apologies for his continuing bachelorhood. In his youth he never cared for dancing and society. In his early business life he was too busy to think about girls. And now, in his honorable middle years, he lives in a world of his own creation. If some one could convince him that romance needed a new administrative code or that the relations between man and woman needed a thorough overhauling with a view

to putting them on a businesslike and constructive basis, maybe A. J. could be persuaded to look into the matter. He might consider it "a nice job to do." But as for love for love's sake, the good-looking young governor of Michigan is too—well, it's my opinion that he was born to be a lonely soul.

Officially, however, A. J. has few equals. He is honest above the breath of suspicion; thrifty in the administration of the people's money as if it were his own; brave in the face of friend and foe; clean, frank, direct, conservative, constructive—the kind of man we so seldom elect, and always *should* reelect.

XV

CROSS-COUNTRY: SOME CONCLUSIONS

AMERICA is so big. I knew the figures once, and I do not know them now; but I never knew the facts until I went out and groped among them: until I stood with one foot in Mexicali, where opium is legal and liquor is life, and the other in Calexico, where both are sudden death; until I went to the movies at night with the wet Al Smiths and canoeing the next day with the dry Gifford Pinchots; until I spent an evening with a woman Billy Sunday in Portland, Oregon, and a week with the grippe in Fargo, North Dakota; until I discovered that Harvard and Yale are pygmies in the giant world of American education and that barber shops, because of bobbing, are unprecedentedly prosperous.

And I did n't know, until I saw it, that the bigness of America does not lie in its mileage, its wealth, its population, but in its diversity, its terrifying diversity. Not races, but sections. I see

less difference between the Russian Jews of New York's East Side and the Norwegian "circle-tops" of the Dakota wheat-fields than I do between the native-born Americans in New Rochelle and their relatives in Great Forks. I am much less worried about immigration than I was. Ellis Island smells a lot worse from the Battery than it does on the still wind-swept prairies. But I *am* worried when a United States senator from the most southeasterly of our States tells the world that the Northwestern farmer can't raise cattle on ground where the American buffalo used to roam; and I am downright annoyed to read about him while I am drying my feet after a tilt in the snow with a Dakota bull as heavy as a truck and as agile as a runabout Ford.

There are so few things which are even partly true of the whole country, and almost no things which are wholly true of every part. Take our universities: it is a reasonably true generalization to say that they have large campuses. The Harvard Yard is undubitably large; it covers a Cambridge block. But it is small in comparison with the campuses of Western universities. Ohio State's covers a thousand acres; Leland Stanford's ten thousand! In other words, it is almost as unsafe to describe America in generalizations as it

is to legislate for her in the same inadequate vernacular.

My own general observations, after catching hundreds of trains and studying thousands of people, can be counted on the fingers of two hands.

Americans are better-looking than they used to be, especially the men. They seem to have caught up with their women in the race for comeliness. I base this ungallant observation not only on this recent trip but on many previous trips during the past twenty years; and I base it quite as much on the traveling salesman in the dingy lobby of an Athens, Ohio, commercial hotel as I do on the substantial citizen who ornaments the Rainier Club in Seattle and the Minnesota Club in St. Paul. American women always did look well, but American men were manfully crude. All that is changed. The American man shaves daily—and early; he wears white collars—unless he can afford not to; and he looks more like the clothing advertisements than would seem to be humanly possible. I attribute these things to good advertising, good merchandising, and good money, and I am sure that the same factors would be even more evident in the appearance of American women, if they were n't, to begin with, the best-looking and the best-dressed women in the world. I see nothing to

complain about in the bobbed hair and heightened complexions of the modern girls, though I sometimes doubt the value of the lip-stick as an implement of race betterment. My only quarrel with American women is that they look so amazingly alike—and so annoyingly young.

Americans are better served than they used to be. Of course, a more equable division of spending-money was bound to result in a more equable distribution of comfort, to banish poverty from polite circles, and to make luxury more sociably inclined. But, too often, mere money has resulted in mere extravagance and in a sickly lack of decent proportion. Even I, who have not profited specially by the redistribution of wealth, am more careless in expenditures. I have paid \$4.35 for a sirloin steak for two people in a hotel in Chicago, though I know places in the same town where I could get a good table d'hôte meal for a dollar. I have paid twenty-five cents and \$1.25 on the same avenue in New York for the same kind of cantaloup. Yes, money has brought comfort—of a sort, and at a price. But the automobile, which backs the grocery store into the farmer's yard, or backs the farmer into the grocery store, has brought more. And advertising, which first told the farmer and the groceryman about the automobile and

about most of the things which the automobile carries, has brought more than anything else. The man in the street is more comfortable because advertising and merchandising have brought to his busiest corner the cigar he wants at the time he wants it; the woman in the home is more comfortable—the “more” is wrong; she never knew what it meant to be comfortable until the last few years!

Americans are better fed than they used to be. I have chased beefsteaks across the country for many years and have never found them so frequent or so juicy as they are now. There was a time, when you left the Waldorf in New York, that you could n't find a good hotel until you struck the Blackstone in Chicago; and thereafter you might just as well go foodless—and bedless!—until you entered the St. Francis in San Francisco. But now you enter a city like Spokane, Washington, or Houston, Texas, in the absolute assurance that you will find a good, modern “service” hotel. Of course, hotel food is not typical, in some cases it is not even indicative, of a city's fare. The hotels in post-war Vienna offered the largest servings and the richest foods I ever saw—when bread-riots were raging in the streets. But in a normal and prosperous country, the standards of hotel

tables rise and fall with the standards of home tables, and it is a significant fact that the before-and-after boys have transferred their attentions from the shrunken bust to the swelling abdomen.

Americans are better read than they used to be. I remember when the first magazine reached a million copies monthly. Now many attain two million and two million and a half. I believe that the five-million-circulation magazine is in sight. Magazines may not be much, artistically; some of them certainly are not; but they are better intellectual fodder than an exclusive diet of transient news. And although the merchandising of literature has lagged notoriously behind that of other less essential commodities, books as well as magazines have found more and steadier buyers. I have seen more people reading books in the past six months than I have in twenty years of traveling. And a different kind of book; more Wells and less Wright. And, at last, the book-seller is rising to the intellectual level of the tobacconist and the druggist. Last week I rode through Long Branch, New Jersey, for the first time in eighteen years. I used to nail up posters there on news-stands in an abortive effort to explain to the new-rich summer residents that the magazine was "out to-day." This time I was rid-

ing Governor Silzer's car and had on the gubernatorial overcoat. But I do not think it was any increased sense of well-being which made the old, familiar book-stalls look more enterprising and more inviting. There is a market for magazines and books in this country—good magazines and good books—and when that market is thoroughly exploited, Americans will be just as well read as they are well shaved.

Americans are better entertained than they used to be. The average movie is better entertainment than the average traveling theatrical performance of the old one-night-stand days; and morally and intellectually I am sure it is just as clean. The average picture-house is certainly an improvement over the opera-house fire-traps of our youth; and the high-class picture-house is the finest structure ever devised for the indoor entertainment of the American public. Outdoors, professional baseball clubs are building fences so distant and stands so high that even Babe Ruth must make his home runs within the park. And college stadiums seating fifty, sixty, and seventy thousand people are as inevitable in college towns as bull-pens in a Spanish city. And in these auditoriums, both professional and amateur, there is being offered a pageantry of entertainment which has not been

equaled since the days of chariot-racing. For those who do not wish to sit still and get their exercise vicariously, there are the country clubs, tennis clubs, boat clubs, public golf links, dance-halls, shooting-galleries, and bowling-alleys; and for those who wish to sit, but not still, there is the open road. In some States—Minnesota, for instance—there are so many motor vehicles that there is an upholstered seat for every man, woman, and child. In all States there is excellent evidence that Americans are having a good time.

Americans are better led than they used to be. I am not referring to political leaders, although visits to sixteen or seventeen representative governors have convinced me that even the politician is brighter than he has been painted; but I *am* referring to one of the most significant things I have noticed on this trip, the emergence of the scientific mind. Before the war the biggest of the big businesses were just discovering the professor, pulling him out of his laboratory, and putting him in theirs. The most lasting achievements of the war came from the brains of these recruits from the cloisters. The professor came into his own, and he has stayed there. Everywhere I go—in business, in politics, in newspaper offices—I find him lifting his bald and bespectacled head. And, usually, the head

is n't half so bald or bespectacled as we used to think it was. I found farmers in Minnesota and the Dakotas listening respectfully to John Coulter of the North Dakota Agricultural College; I found labor-unions and labor employers in Seattle and Tacoma turning with a common impulse to Henry Suzzallo of the University of Washington; I found a Berkeley professor of criminology behind the chief's desk in the police-station at Los Angeles. I found the academic mind freed at last for non-academic problems. Nothing but good can result from this merging of the practical and the theoretical.

Better dressed, better served, better fed, better read, better entertained, better led—where there are so many “betters” there must be a “worse.” There are, several of them. And where so many of the “betters” are material and sensual, it seems inevitable that some of the “worses” should be spiritual and intellectual.

Although it is true that Americans are better read, they are not always better informed; and although it is true that they are better led, they are not always more appreciative of leadership. We are suffering from an unprecedented lack of confidence in the men at the top. The journalistic muck-raker knocked most of them off their pedes-

tals; the official investigator is toppling the rest. Of course, there is still the man who believes that there are exceptions to the general rule of rottenness: the Northwestern farmer, who feels that Wisconsin is wisdom, and La Follette is its fount; the East Side boy, who grew up with Al Smith, and lives only to die for him on the immaculate steps of the White House; and the solvent conservative, who thinks that there are still two honest figures in public life, God and Calvin Coolidge. But most office-holders, state or national, get from the average voter a shrugged shoulder, a tilted eyebrow, and a curling mouth-corner.

Disrespect for law is the legitimate child of disrespect for lawmakers; not the father, as we sometimes think. And the almost universal flouting of the present prohibition act seems to me to be a natural consequence of the way this law was "put over," rather than an especially significant sign of how we feel about law in general or prohibition in particular. The law works differently in different sections: in the East, for more open drinking; in the West, for more open bootlegging. And it works differently on different social and financial levels. There are fewer drunks in the police-station and more under the dinner-table. Drunkenness has become a gentleman's sport; and

if something is n't done about it, there will be more sports than gentlemen.

These thing are bad. But I earnestly believe that they are temporary, that there will be some gentlemen left! People I meet everywhere—wets and drys—believe that the present law will be repealed or modified. Speaking cross-countrywise, the conclusion is inevitable. But there is no such general agreement about prohibition itself. Instead, there is a very general attitude that the jury is still out. And most Americans—except in the driest and wettest spots—seem to be getting ready to abide by the verdict.

People have a lot of sense.

Disrespect for law is bad. But disrespect for the men who make the laws is worse. The former condition will change, either as to the disrespect or the law. The latter condition is perilously durable. Loss of confidence in the individual, in human nature, is a devastating thing. It is not satisfied to cease its depredations when it has stripped the senator of his toga. It has long since entered the factory and robbed even benevolent capital of its chance for leadership; it has entered the church and crushed the influence of the clergy; it is entering the home; it stands threateningly on the threshold of womanhood—it must be stopped.

Americans must get back their faith in human nature—in American human nature. I got mine back. On a pebbly hillside just outside El Paso, Texas. A girl, a watering-pot, a struggling blade of grass. A simple scene; and yet, in the parched grimness of that Texan waste-land, it made me think of Davy Crockett and the brave pioneers who went singing to their fate in the shadows of the Alamo. You might find yours on the dirt-gray pavings of old Salem or the silver sands of Coronado. Americans cannot fail to regain their faith—if they go out and look for it, in America.

You can't tell anything about anything until you see it. And most of our troubles in legislative halls and in home-town voting-booths come from the fact that one geographical half of the electorate has n't seen how the other half lives. We need a melting-pot in this country, but not for foreigners; we need it for ourselves. I was wrong when I said that American is *so* big. It's *too* big. Too big for the people who live in it—for you and me—unless more of us go out and look at it; if not in trains, in books.

Man's World - 1919

77



